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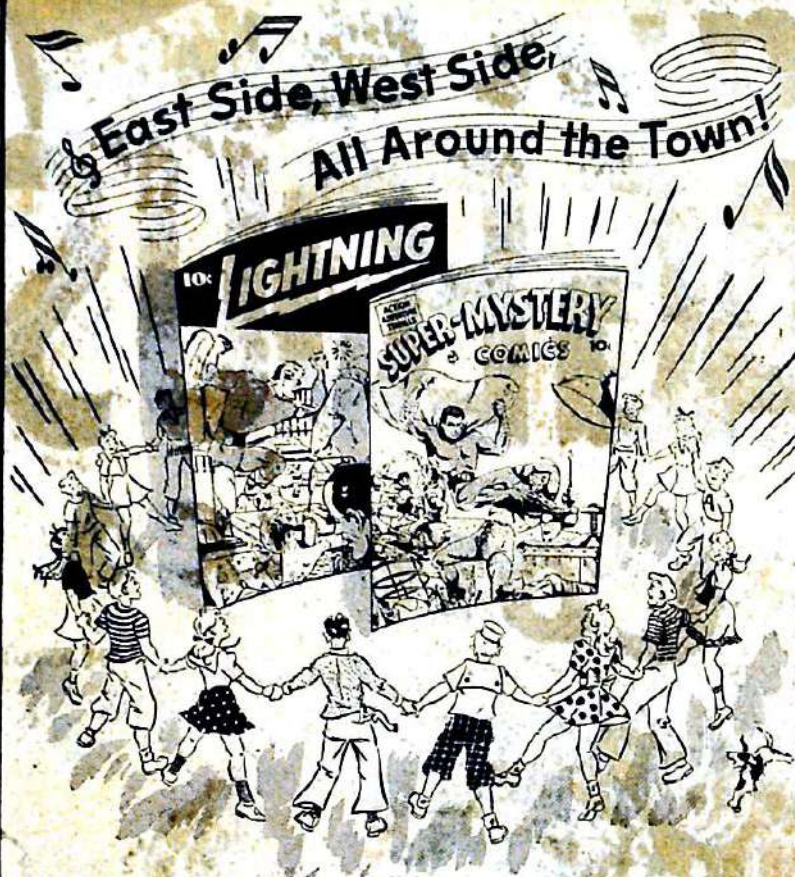
Formerly
BANNER
COMICS

Captain COURAGEOUS Comics

MARCH



Introducing A New Sensational Character **THE SWORD**



SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS

Yes, sir! All around the town they're talking about the "all-out" fight Magno and Davey wage against that sinister, arch-criminal—The Cobra, in the February issue. It's really a knock-down and drag-out affair which will bring you out of your chairs cheering! And, of course, Vulcan, Buckskin and the rest won't let you down, either. See for yourself!

LIGHTNING COMICS

With "Lash" Lightning leading the way, The Raven, Dr. Nemesis, Marvo the Magician, Cappie Young, Hap Hazard and Congo Jack whisk you on an expedition chuck full of action, mystery, thrills and high adventure. *Lightning Comics* is the next best thing to owning a Magic Carpet! And that's no fairy tale! Get your copy today and "go to town."

10 Captain COURAGEOUS Comics

MARCH 1942

No. 6

CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS 1

The Black Mayor held the town in his vile clutches and was bleeding it to death. And then Captain Courageous crossed his path—a path which must lead one to victory and the other to—DEATH!

THE SWORD 12

Here is a new feature which you are sure to like. It's different from anything you've seen and it has just the right amounts of all the qualities that make for a good story.

LONE WARRIOR 22

For once the enemies of Lone Warrior have him where they want him—and do they try to rub it in!

TYPHOON TYSON 33

Typhoon once again takes the Sea Lion through the turbulent waters of the Pacific—but not without first crossing courses with a sharp-shooting Davey Jones!

KAY MCKAY, AIR HOSTESS 42

In a brave attempt to get a plane "through" Kay is just about to win—when she is confronted by mad dogs—with HUMAN HEADS!

LUKE AND HIS MAGIC FLUTE 51

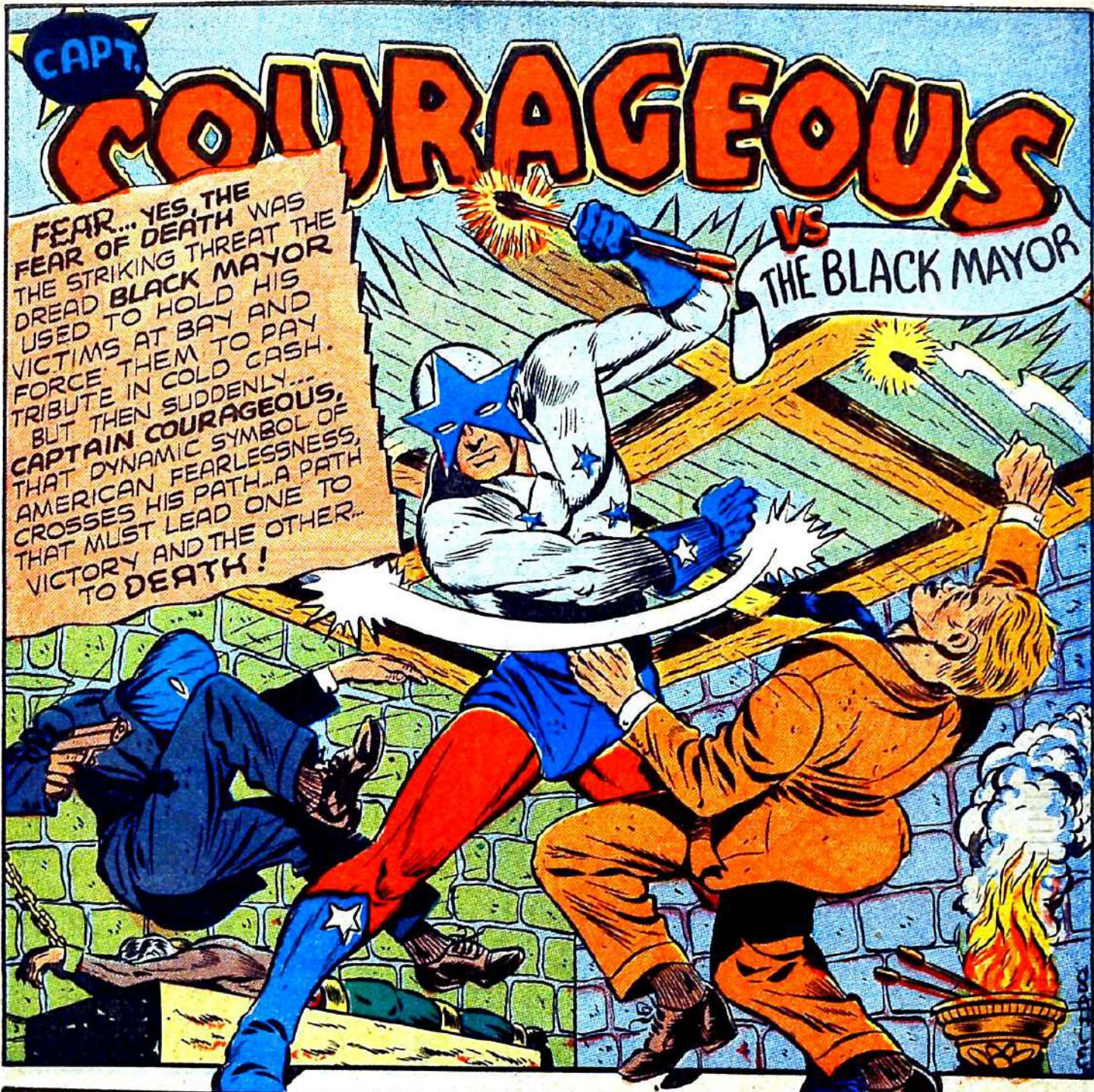
Again comes the flute to the rescue!

RANGE REPTILE 52

A two-fisted, sure-shootin' yarn of the Old West.

PAUL REVERE, JR. 54

Paul and Betsy and Pat must pool all their wits and a lot of brains if they want to save their little British friend from murderous fiends.



AS SENATOR VERNON HIGH PREPARES TO LEAVE HIS HOTEL ROOM...



AND THIS CHLOROFORM TOO, SENATOR!



At THE SAME TIME... AT THE APARTMENT OF JAY COLLINS, NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUN' TH' MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES...

OR THROUGH THE WINDOW!

BREATHE DEEPLY, CHUM!

CHLOROFORM! AGHR!

But!

I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T THE MILK-MAN WHEN I SPOTTED YOU OUT ON THE BALCONY!

WHO SAID MIRACLES DON'T HAPPEN?

TRY MY SPECIAL BRAND OF CHLOROFORM!

OH-H!

UGH!

UNCONSCIOUS, EH? YOU'LL STAY PUT UP HERE!

AREN'T YOU CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS?

RIGHT! AND YOUR'E JAY COLLINS, COLUMNIST FOR THE EXAMINER! I KNOW COLUMNISTS AREN'T LIKED BY SOME PEOPLE... BUT WHO'D WANT TO DRUG YOU?

CAN'T SAY... I'VE SO MANY FRIENDLY ENEMIES!

UNLESS THIS BLOKE WAS SENT BY THE BLACK MAYOR!

THE BLACK MAYOR?

YES! HE'S CALLED THAT AND OPERATES A RING OF TERROR AGAINST THE GERMAN-AMERICANS IN THE CITY TO OBTAIN MONEY TO BE SENT BACK TO THE FATHERLAND'S WAR MACHINE. SENATOR HIGH, HERE IN THE CITY AND I HAVE SOME INCRIMINATING DATA WE COMPILED AGAINST HIM AND THE SENATOR IS THE ONLY ONE WHO REALLY KNOWS WHO THE BLACK MAYOR IS... BETTER QUESTION THIS GUY!

AH! COMING TO, JUST IN TIME FOR THE QUIZ!

AGHR! A TRUCK HIT ME!

HEY!

A DART!

AIEE!

RIGHT!

THAT MISSILE CAME FROM THE TERRACE!

DEAD!

EMPTY! AND IT'S TEN STORIES TO THE GROUND. WHO EVER IT WAS, CERTAINLY DIDN'T WANT ANY TALKING DONE!

BOY! WHAT A STORY!

YEAH... A GRIM ONE!

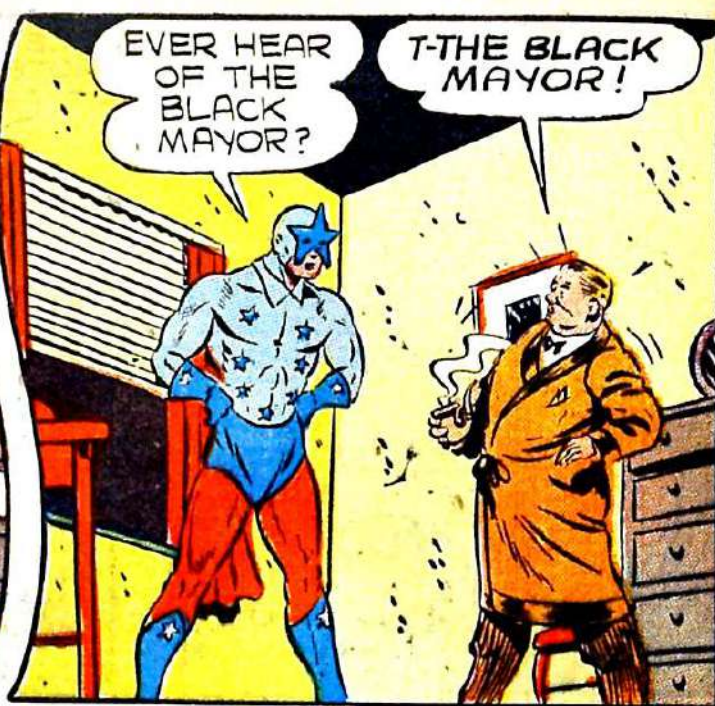
WHAT NOW?

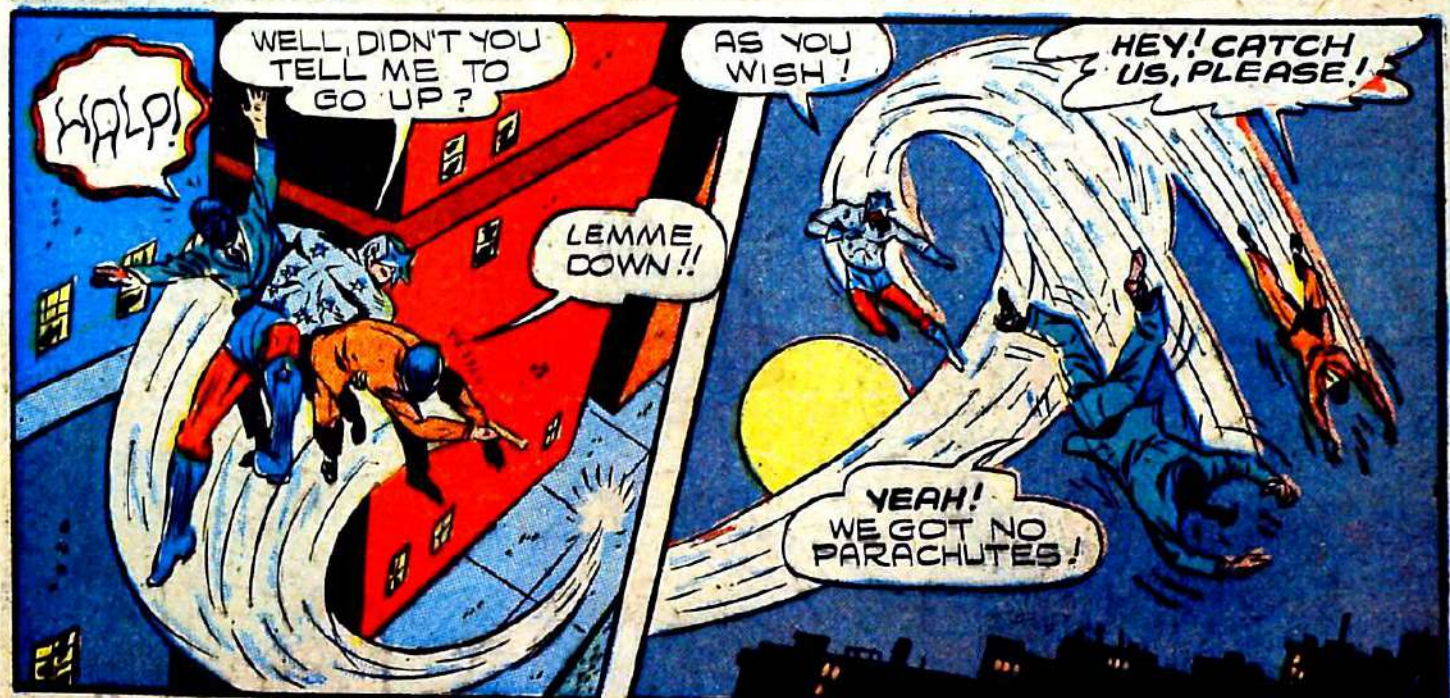
COME IN!

KNOCK KNOCK

IS THERE ANY TROUBLE, MR. COLLINS? I HEARD A NOISE AND... OH-H!

YEAH! HE'S DEAD!





CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS CATCHES THEM AS THEY NEAR THE PAVEMENT...

OOH-H!
I
FEEL
SICK!

I'LL SET THEM DOWN AND
LET THEM GET AWAY...
MIGHT PROVE
INTERESTING!

YEOWK!

OOPS!
SLIPPED!

THAT
DOES
IT!

LET'S
BEAT
IT!

DON'T
TELL
ME
TWICE!

THE MEN DODGE
BACK INTO
COLLINS' HOUSE...
THE BACK WAY!

HURRY...
INTO
THE
CELLAR!

I AM
HURRYING!

RIGHT
BEHIND
YOU,
BOYS!

GONE! MAYBE I
SHOULDN'T
HAVE LET THEM
OFF SO
EASY!

AS THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY
BREAKS, THE UNBRIDLED FURY OF
THE BLACK MAYOR IS UNLEASHED
ON THE HAPLESS, AMERICA-LOV-
ING PEOPLE SO HE MAY FILL HIS
"BREAD-BASKET" FOR THE FATHERLAND!

MONEY! MONEY!
MONEY FOR THE
FATHERLAND
OR BLOOD!

THIS'LL TEACH
YOU TO
GIVE
MORE!

SO, YOU
WON'T SUPPORT
THE BLACK
MAYOR, EH?

NO! NO!
IT'S THE
BABY'S MILK
MONEY

ASH!

GIVE!

GIVE!

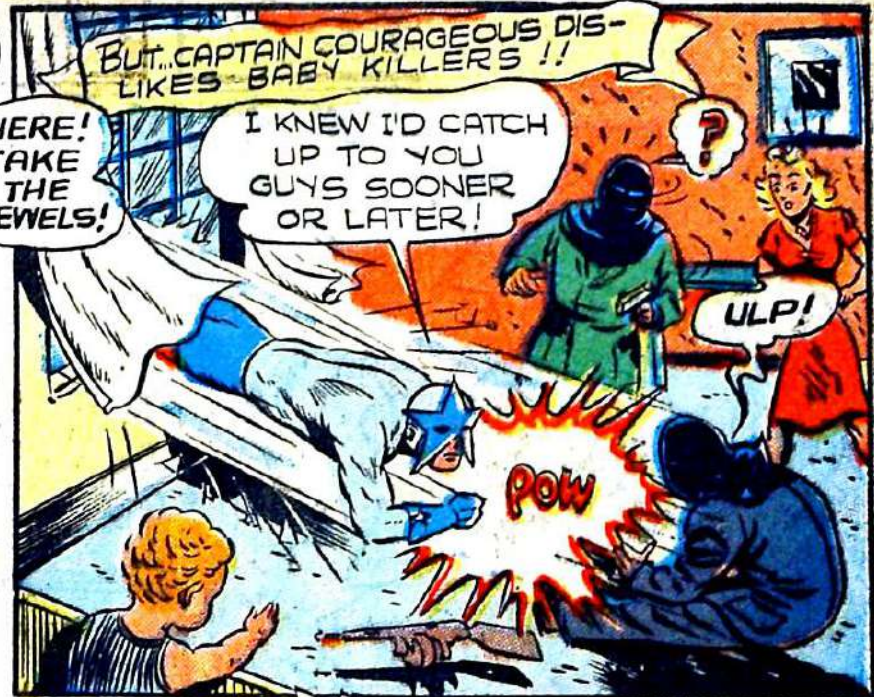
HERE'S
THE
ACCURSED
MONEY!



IN ONE OF THE RICHER HOMES... THOSE JEWELS WILL DO FOR THIS COLLECTION!

HAND THEM OVER OR THE BABY DIES!

HERE! TAKE THE JEWELS!



BUT...CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS DIS-LIKES BABY KILLERS!!

I KNEW I'D CATCH UP TO YOU GUYS SOONER OR LATER!

ULP!



BAM!

OOF!

I'LL GET YOU!

THIS IS CALLED THE CEILING SIZZLER!



HYA, CHUMP! SHAKE!

EEOW! MY HAND! YOU BROKE IT!



THEY'RE ALL YOURS!

MY HAND! GET A DOCTOR!

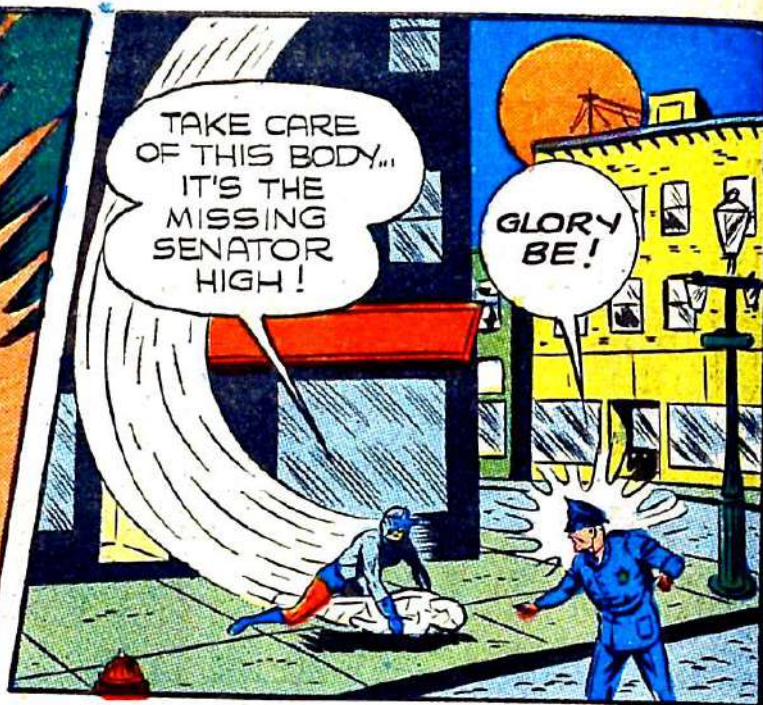
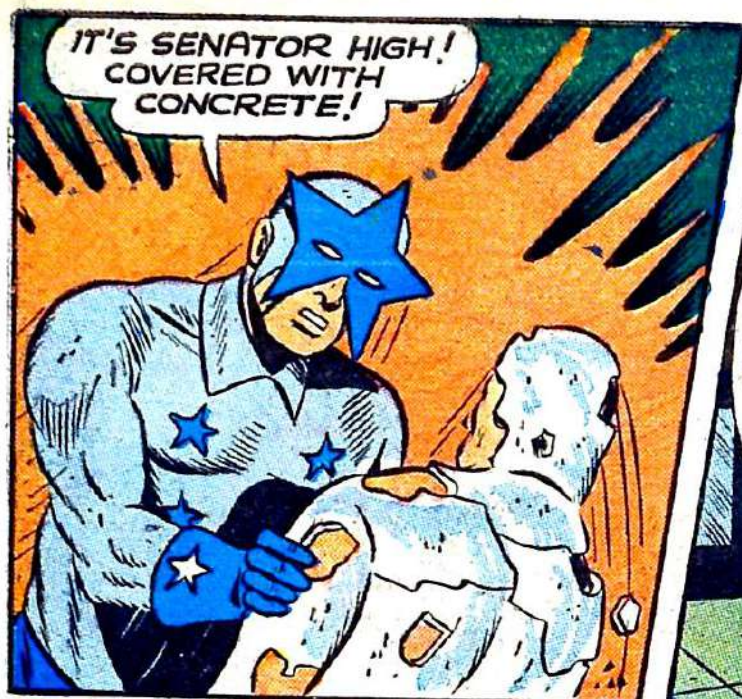
YE'LL REALLY NEED ONE AFTER WE GET THROUGH WITH YOU!



NOW BACK TO COLLINS. THIS IS THE APARTMENT HOUSE! OOPS! KNOCKED THAT STATUE OVER... GOT TO CATCH IT... BEFORE IT HURTS SOMEONE!

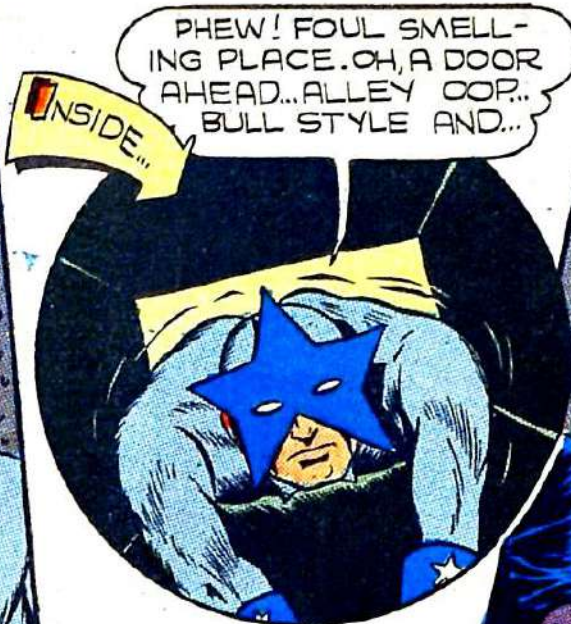


GOT YOU! HEY! IT'S COMING APART!... WHY, IT'S FLESH!





A PASSAGEWAY!
WELL... HERE
GOES!



INSIDE...

PHEW! FOUL SMELL-
ING PLACE. OH, A DOOR
AHEAD... ALLEY OOP...
BULL STYLE AND...



...RIGHT THROUGH
IT! ER...
HELLO!

GREETINGS,
YOU FOOL!
STEP IN
AND JOIN
THE PARTY!



YOUR FRIEND
COLLINS IS HERE.
TOO... READY TO
BE CREMATED...
ALIVE!

SO! YOU KNOW I'M
THE BLACK MAYOR!
WELL, SO DID
SENATOR HIGH...
AND HE'S NO
MORE! TOO BAD
HE FOUND OUT
WHO I WAS!

THE
MASK
ISN'T
NECESSARY,
MAX
GORT!

STOP
THEM!



YES! I SUSPECTED YOU WHEN IN
COLLINS' ROOM, YOU SAID THE
BLACK MAYOR SERVES A
BITTER DISH OF POISON TO
THOSE WHO TALK, AND
YOU POINTED TO THE DEAD
MAN WHO ATTACKED COLLINS!
I WONDERED HOW YOU KNEW
THE BLACK MAYOR KILLED
HIM... YOU KNEW
THE ANSWER!

MAX
GORT?



SURE! I SENT THE MASKED
MAN AFTER COLLINS AND SEEING
YOU INTRUDE, I CLIMBED DOWN THE
BALCONY AND KILLED HIM WITH THE
POISONED DART BEFORE HE TALKED!
THEN I GOT BACK TO MY APART-
MENT ABOVE... CLEVER, EH?
BUT IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD
TO KNOW... YOU'RE NEXT ON
THE LIST!

NO...
YOU
CAN'T!

SAYS
YOU!

SHOVE
COLLINS
IN, MEN!

ENTHRALLED AT THE GRUESOME SIGHT BEFORE THEM, THE TWO MEN GUARDING CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS TURN MOMENTARILY...

MAY I BORROW YOUR GUNS? I'LL GIVE THEM RIGHT BACK!

OWCH!

UGH!



SORRY, BOYS... BUT THE SHOW'S CALLED OFF!

GET HIM!



OOPH!

UGH!

ON THE CONTRARY, MR. COURAGEOUS... THE SHOW'S JUST STARTED!

...AND I GIVE YOU THE LEADING PART! A HOT NUMBER... HERE, TAKE IT!

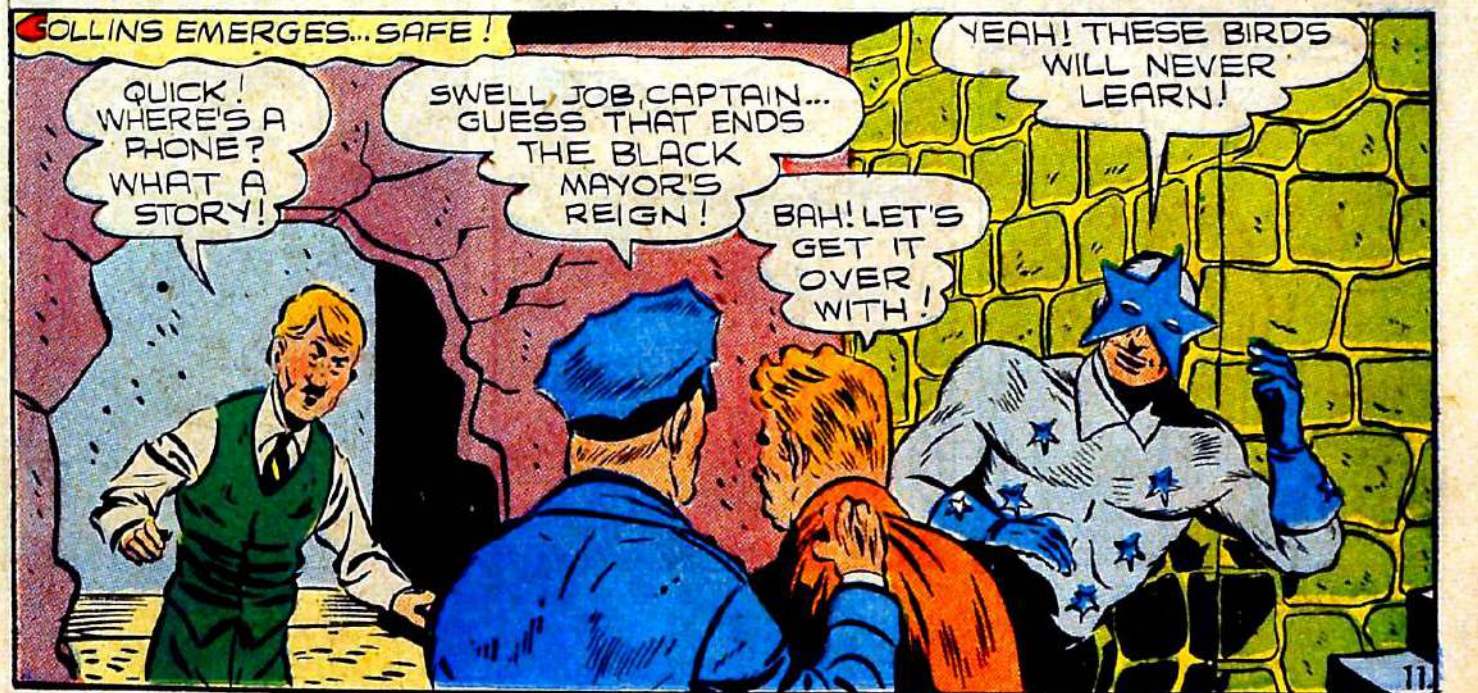
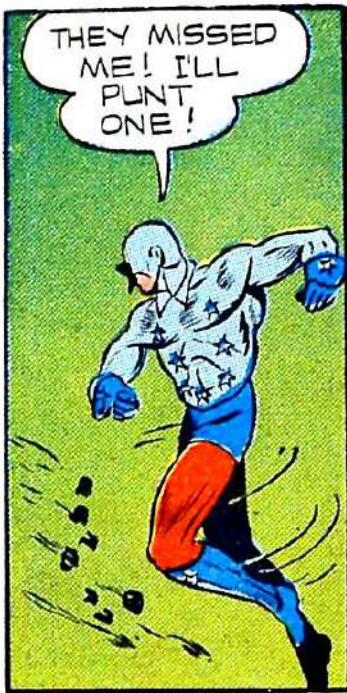
LIVE COALS!

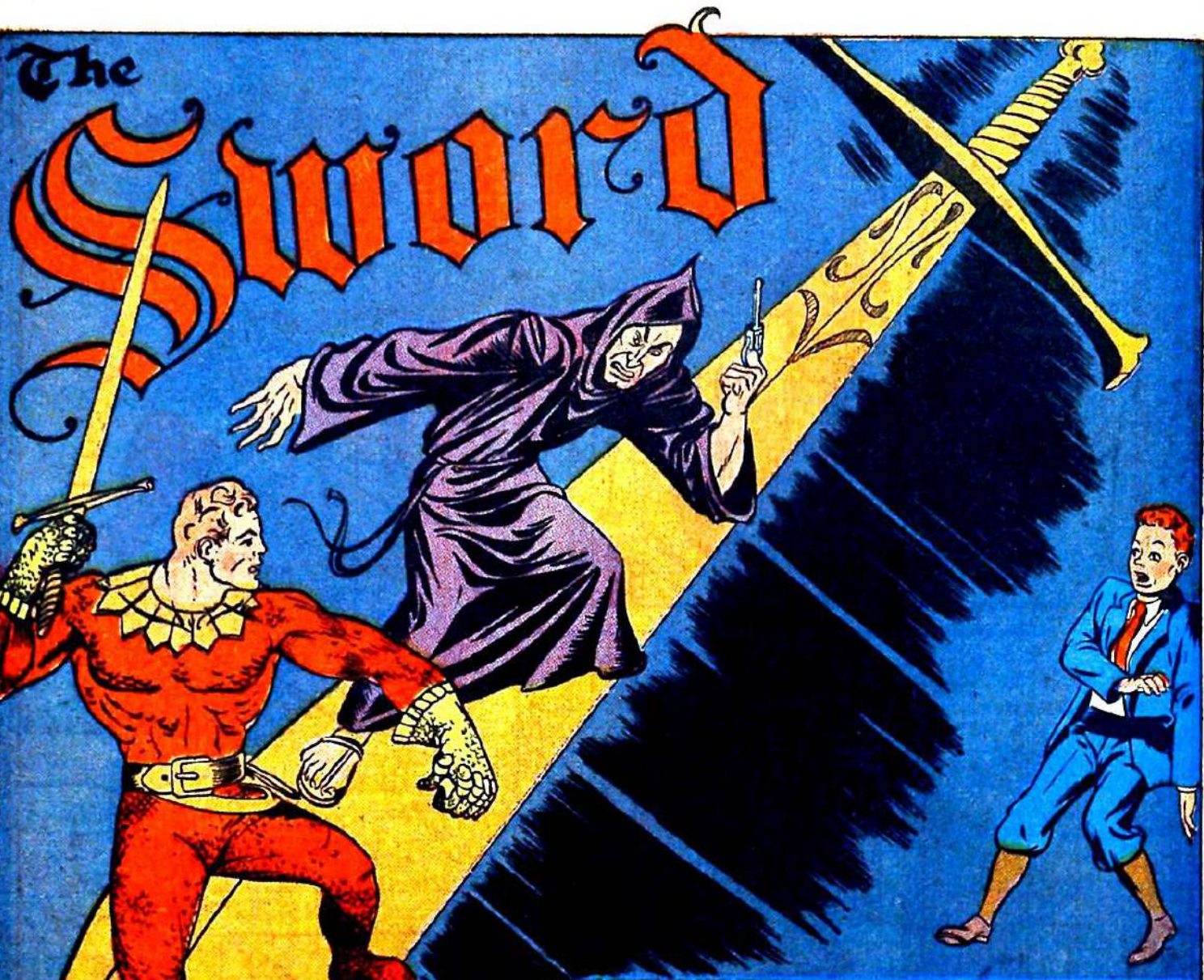


GORT DASHES TO THE DUMMY FURNACE, AND...

SO-LONG, SUCKERS! I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A STEAMER GOING TO SOUTH AMERICA!







ARTHUR LAKE, SON OF AN AMERICAN AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURER, HAS ALWAYS BEEN SMALL AND WEAK... THOUGH HIS HEART IS **BRAVE**, HIS STRENGTH IS NOT ENOUGH TO STAND UP AGAINST THE BULLYING OF HIS LARGER COMPANIONS... SECRETLY HE YEARNS TO BE BIG AND STRONG... AND TO DO SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.. ARTHUR'S FATHER, HAS TAKEN HIM TO ENGLAND!

...AN AIRFIELD SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. MR. LAKE IS CONFERRING WITH OFFICIALS.

RUN ALONG NOW AND AMUSE YOURSELF SON, WHILE I TALK TO THESE MEN BUT DON'T GO TOO FAR!

O.K. DAD!



GEE! JUST LOOK AT THOSE BOMB-CRATERS!



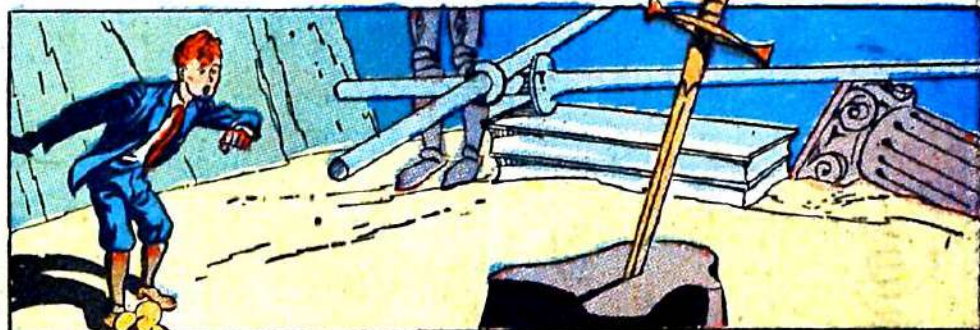
LOOK! A BOMB MUST HAVE UNCOVERED THE OPENING TO AN OLD CAVE!



GOSH!.. IT LOOKS SCARY! BUT I'M GOING IN AND LOOK AROUND ANY HOW!



GRR-R-R... IT SURE IS DARK IN HERE!



THIS MUST BE THE LOST TOMB OF KING ARTHUR AND THIS IS HIS FAMOUS SWORD.. ONLY ONE WITH A PURE HEART IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO PULL IT FROM THE STONE!



ARTHUR LAKE - YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE... TAKE EXCALIBUR AND USE IT IN THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY AND JUSTICE! THEN, BECAUSE YOUR HEART IS PURE, YOU SHALL HAVE THE STRENGTH OF MANY TIMES TEN!

ARTHUR LEAVES... BUT MARKS THE CAVE, SO AS TO FIND IT AGAIN!



I WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I TRIED TO PULL THAT SWORD OUT... I WONDER...



WELL, ARTHUR MY BOY, I'M ALL THROUGH HERE! TOMORROW WE SAIL FOR HOME, WHERE I'LL SOON BE TURNING OUT MANY BOMBERS FOR ENGLAND!

I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO GET EXCALIBUR ABOARD SHIP!

ER..AH.. WHY, WHY THAT'S GREAT, DAD!



THE NEXT DAY, ARTHUR HIRES TWO WORKMEN TO TRANSFER THE **SWORD** AND STONE TO THE SHIP!

NOW, REMEMBER, IF YOU SAY A WORD TO ANYONE, I'LL COME BACK AND HAUNT YOU!

YES SOR! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YE WANT THIS JUNK FER?



WELL-LL.. IT'S GOODBYE TO ENGLAND AND BACK TO WORK!

THE WORKMEN GOT **EXCALIBUR** ON BOARD WITH OUR TRUNKS... I HOPE IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE I CAN **USE IT!**



AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL HOME, ARTHUR GOES TO THE PLANE PLANT WITH HIS FATHER, AND.



GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE SECOND THEFT OF VALUABLE BLUE-PRINTS THAT HAS OCCURED... **SOMETHING** MUST BE DONE!

BUT WHAT? THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS CAN'T FIND A SINGLE CLUE! I'M AFRAID THE PLANS OF OUR LATEST **SUPER-BOMBER** WILL BE STOLEN NEXT



FIFTH COLUMNISTS STEALING AIRPLANE PLANS... THE TIME HAS **COME! EXCALIBUR** AND I MUST FIND THE SPIES!



THE MOMENT IS **NOW...** ARTHUR PREPARES TO DRAW **EXCALIBUR** FROM THE **STONE!**.. CAN HE DO IT?

OH! I HOPE IT WORKS!



AT ARTHUR'S GENTLE TUG THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH AS **EXCALIBUR** SLIPS FROM THE **STONE.**



IT'S **TRUE.. IT'S TRUE...** NOW AS THE **SWORD...** I'M READY FOR THOSE **FIFTH COLUMNISTS!**



THAT NIGHT THE **SWORD**
HIDES IN THE FILING ROOM
AT THE PLANE FACTORY...
... Suddenly...

LET'S MAKE IT **SNAPPY**
AND GET **OUT OF**
HERE!

WHY THAT
GIRL IS DAD'S
PRIVATE SECRET-
ARY... **NAOMI**
JOHNSON!

CAN I HELP
YOU?

WHAT..
TH...?

OH!

THIS'LL HELP YOU..
TO A **ONE-WAY**
RIDE!



STRIKE THREE!
YOU'RE OUT,
GOLD!



GET UP!.. AND
EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

WHO
ARE
YOU?



JUST CALL ME
THE **SWORD!**
WHY ARE
YOU DOING
THIS?

I AM FORCED
BY THE **BLACK**
MASTER,
HE WILL **KILL**
MY YOUNGER
SISTER IF I
REFUSE!

I'M SORRY TO DO THIS
BUT I **MUST!**

=COUGH, COUGH,
COUGH..
=UGH!?



HERE THEY ARE, THE PLANS OF THE **SUPER-BOMBER**. I MUST HURRY BEFORE THE **SWORD** REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!



WHEN? I'M STILL DIZZY, BUT MY STRENGTH OVERCAME THAT GAS. I'VE GOT TO FOLLOW **NAOMI** AND GET BACK THOSE PLANS.



THE **SWORD** RACES AFTER THE CAR!

THIS IS **GREAT!** WITH MY NEW STRENGTH OF MANY TIMES TEN, I CAN KEEP UP WITH THAT CAR, **EASILY!**



SHE MUST BE GOING TO THE **BLACK MASTER'S** HIDE-OUT! I MUST BE SURE SHE DOESN'T SEE ME OR I'M **RUINED!**



An hour later..

SO THIS IS THE PLACE? WILL THEY BE **SURPRISED?**



SILENTLY THE **SWORD** CREEPS UP TO THE CASTLE, ... *And...*



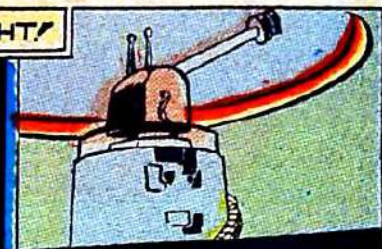
THE **SWORD** SEES A STRANGE SIGHT!

I SHOULD HAVE YOU **FLOBBED** FOR LETTING YOURSELF GET CAUGHT BY THIS **SWORD** FELLOW.

PLEASE DON'T HURT ME, MASTER.. I DID MY **BEST!**



HOLY SMOKE!.. WHAT'S THAT MACHINE IN THERE?..

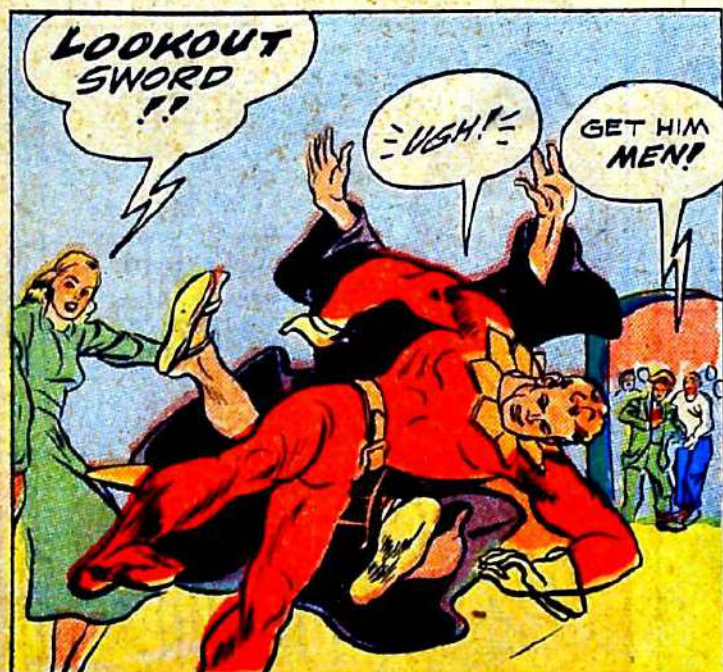


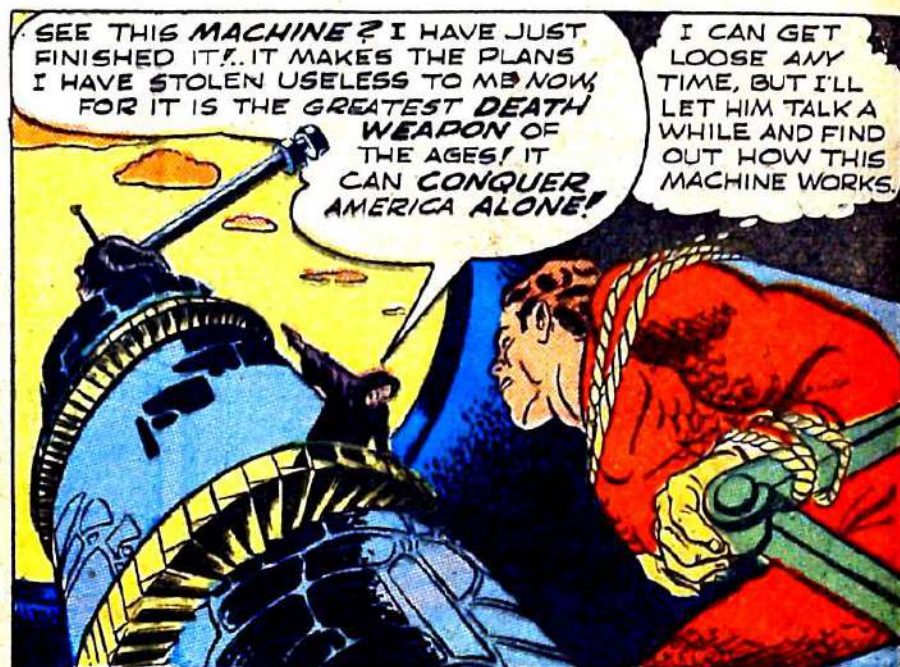


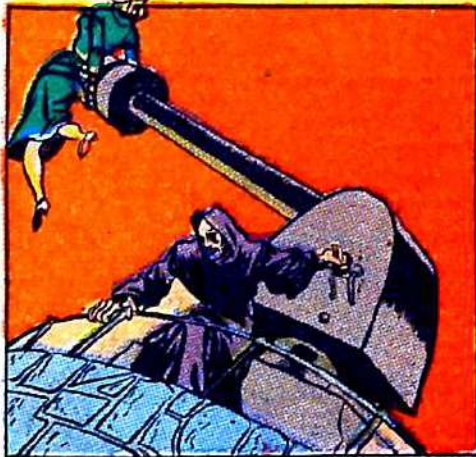
THE **BLACK MASTER'S** ARM COMES
DOWN AND THE DAGGER SPEEDS TO-
WARD THE **SWORD**... THE **SWORD**
KEEPS COMING! HE'LL BE **KILLED**! HE'LL...

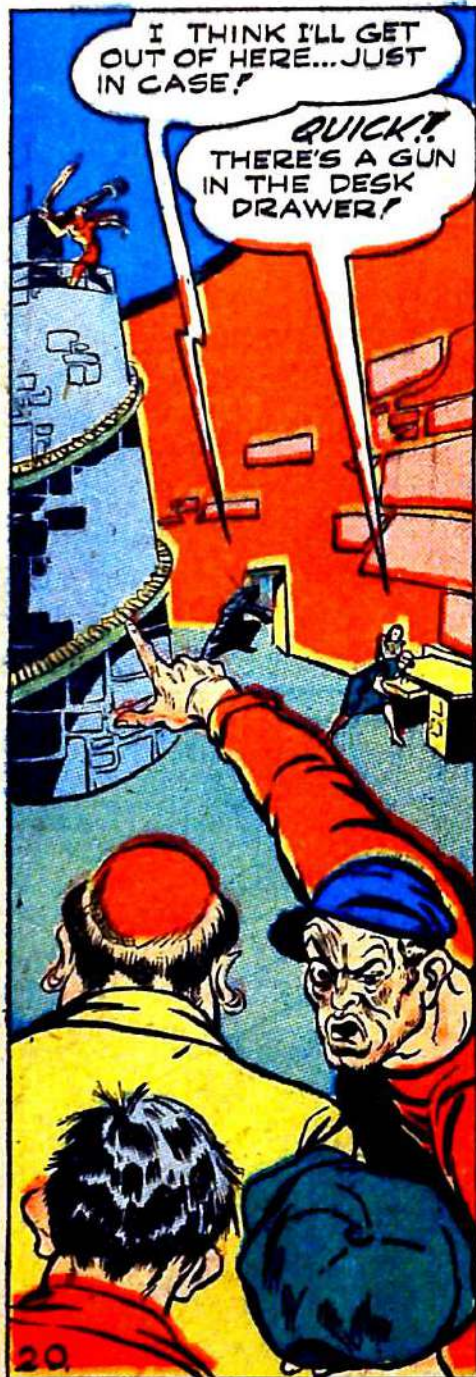


NO!.. AT THE LAST SPLIT-SECOND...









THE **SWORD** OVERTAKES THE **BLACK MASTER** AT THE EDGE OF A GREAT CLIFF!

AT LAST!! I'VE GOT YOU!

I'M NOT THROUGH YET!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?



BUT THE FORCE OF THE SWING UNBALANCES THE **BLACK MASTER**... HE SWAYS FOR A MOMENT... And...



LATER...

THE **G-MEN** GOT HERE FAST.. THE GIRLS ARE SAFE NOW.. AND I'D BETTER GET HOME AND BECOME **ARTHUR LAKE** AGAIN... THIS JOB IS FINISHED!



BACK HOME... THE **SWORD** PREPARES TO BECOME **ARTHUR LAKE** ONCE MORE!

I HATE TO GIVE UP MY STRENGTH EVEN FOR A SHORT TIME, BUT I CAN'T BE THE **SWORD** ALL THE TIME!..



BACK INTO ITS STONE GOES **EXCALIBUR**.. And...



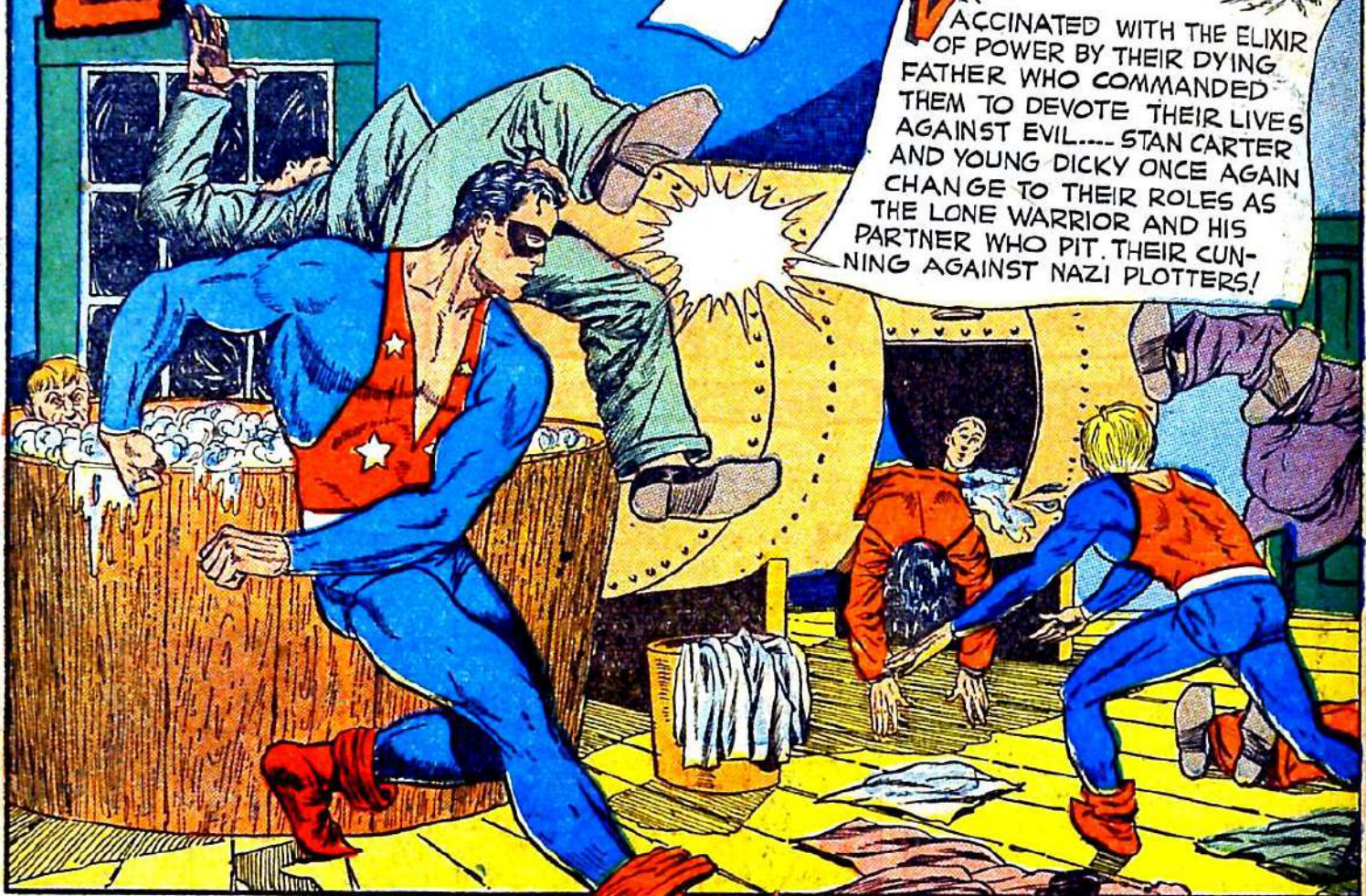
NO LONGER THE **SWORD**, **ARTHUR LAKE** BECOMES AN ORDINARY FELLOW... DREAMING OF ADVENTURE!

NO ONE KNOWS WHO THE **SWORD**, REALLY IS.. PERHAPS THEY WILL NEVER KNOW! I HAVE A FEELING, THOUGH THAT **EXCALIBUR** AND I WILL HAVE ANOTHER ADVENTURE SOON!



ARTHUR LAKE DOESN'T SUSPECT THE HALF OF IT!.. WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE!

The LONE WARRIOR



CAMP FLAGG!! AS AN ARMY TRUCK RUMBLES TOWARD THE CAMP'S LAUNDRY CONCESSION ITS HEADLIGHTS PICK OUT A SCENE OF VIOLENCE!



A SCREECH OF BRAKES, AND THE DRIVER, STAN CARTER WHO, IN REALITY IS THE AMAZING "LONE WARRIOR"... LEAPS FROM THE STILL MOVING TRUCKS-----







WELL, CARTER, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

I... I'M STILL CONFUSED! LAST NIGHT I.....



THAT MOMENT, A SCREAM RENDS THE AIR!!

...WENT TO... HOLY SMOKE! W-WHAT'S THAT?

AAAGH! THIS SHIRT... ITS BURNING ME!!

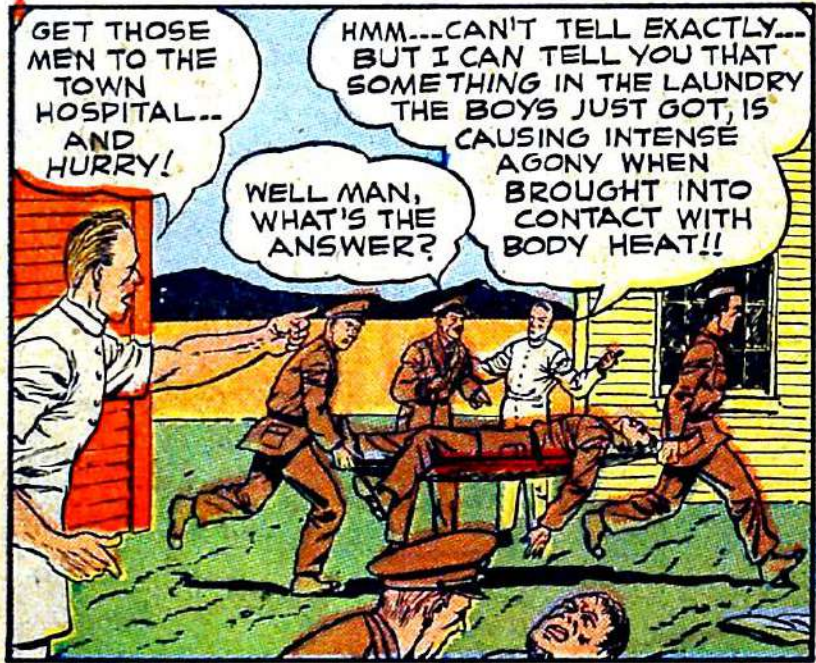
MINE IS TOO! I CAN'T STAND IT! AHHHHHHH!!



GOOD GOSH! WHAT'S WRONG?

DON'T KNOW YET... TELL YOU IN A MINUTE!

GET THIS OFF... ITS KILLING ME!!



GET THOSE MEN TO THE TOWN HOSPITAL... AND HURRY!

HMM... CAN'T TELL EXACTLY... BUT I CAN TELL YOU THAT SOMETHING IN THE LAUNDRY THE BOYS JUST GOT, IS CAUSING INTENSE AGONY WHEN BROUGHT INTO CONTACT WITH BODY HEAT!!

WELL MAN, WHAT'S THE ANSWER?



SOMETHING IN THE LAUNDRY, EH? CARTER... I DON'T KNOW, YET, WHAT YOU WERE DOING IN THAT LAUNDRY... BUT I DO KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO THE GUARD-HOUSE!

C'MON!

B-BUT...



WE WON'T BE ABLE TO PUT CARTER IN THE GUARDHOUSE, CAPTAIN. THIS CAMP'S GOING TO BE QUARANTINED....

QUARANTINED?... WHAT NEXT??? TAKE HIM TO THE TOWN JAIL! KEEP HIM THERE!



LATER... INSIDE THE TOWN JAIL!

BUT FELLOWS... YOU SURELY DON'T BELIEVE ULP!!

HERE'S YOUR LAUNDRY, WHICH YOU AIN'T PUT ON YET! TRY IT ON AND GET A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE! MURDERER!

INSIDE, SMART GUY!



THE LONE WARRIOR'S ROPELIKE MUSCLES TENSE... AND PRISON BARS GIVE WAY!

AAHHHH!
THEY'RE-
GIVING
WAY!

GEE, IF DAD WERE
ALIVE HE'D CERTAINLY
BE PROUD OF THE
POWER ELIXIR HE
INVENTED... AN' TH'
GOOD WORK WE'RE
GOING TO DO
WITH IT!!

NOISELESSLY DROPPING
TO THE GROUND OUT-
SIDE... THE TWO FIGURES
RACE INTO THE NIGHT...

THIS IS
IT,
WARRIOR!

YEP.. HERE
WE GO!!!

THEIR FLYING FEET POUND
UP THE STAIRS---

HA HA!
YOU SHOULD
HAFF SEEN THE
SOLDIERS DYING.
THAT SHUFF
VE PUT IN DER
LAUNDRY WORKED
BEYOOTIFULLY!
UND DOT FOOL
VE FRAMED...
ISS IN CHAIL!!
DEY BLAME
HIM... HAH!

LISTEN
TO
THAT!!

UND BEST UP ALL DER
CAMP IS QVUARANTINED.
VE SMASH DER FEW
FOOLS LEFT TO GUARD IT...
LOAD ALL AMMUNITION
AND GUNS OUR LAUNDRY
TRUCKS WILL TAKE...
AND DEN....

WAIT A MINUTE,
DICKY, THAT
VOICE SOUNDS
FAMILIAR!

DEN
YOT?

DEN VE GET ACROSS DER
TEXAS BORDER INTO MEXICO
AND SEND DER SHUFF TO
CHERMANY... ULP! WH-WHO
SAID DOT ????

I DID... AND
I'M NOT
FINISHED!

DON'T ASK
QVESTIONS...
SHOOT!!

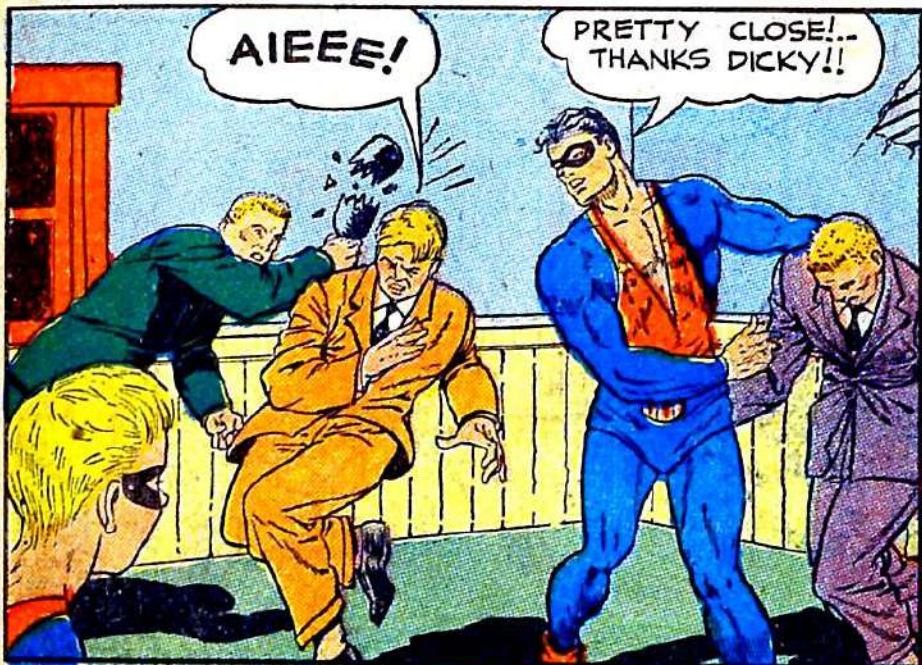
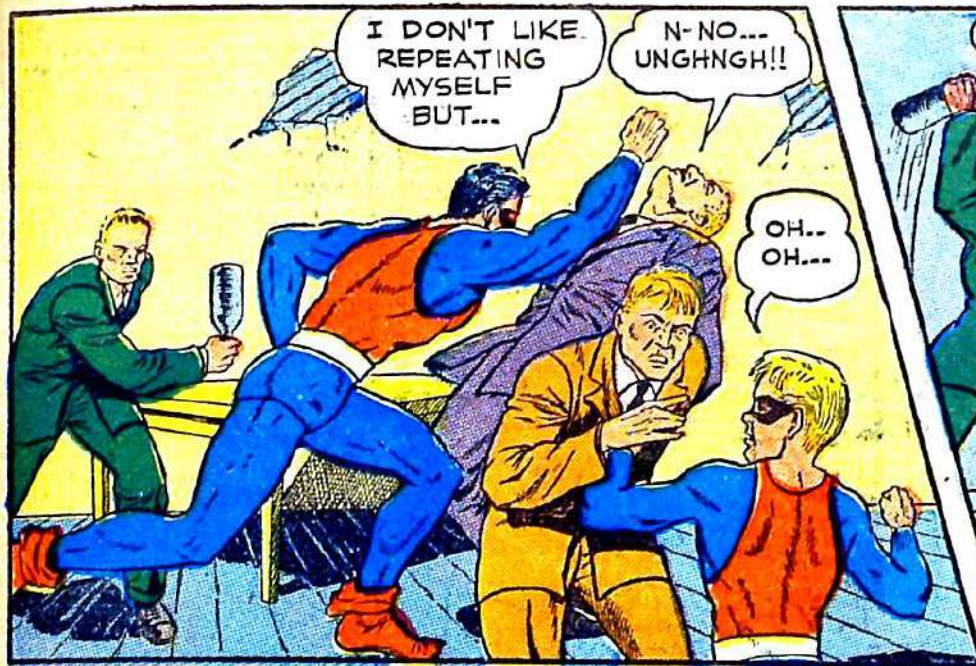
WHO
ARE...

SHOTS GO WILD AS
PUNISHING FISTS
CRASH AGAINST
NAZI JAWBONES!

I'LL... I'LL...
UGH!

MIND IF I
CHANGE
THE
RECORD?

OUUF!





BONDS ARE QUICKLY PASSED ABOUT THE LIMP BODIES OF THE LONE WARRIOR AND DICKY!

VE'LL HAFF TO WORK FASTER DEN VE THOUGHT! DESE PIGS MAY HAFF FRIENDS OUTSIDE!

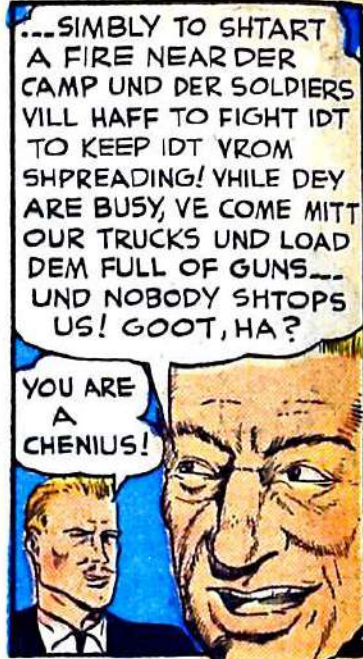
ALREADY HAFF I THOUGHT OF THAT!



AS CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS TO THE CAPTURED DUO---

VELL...THERE ISS ONLY A SHMALL GUARD AT DER CAMP UND VE CAN EASSILY OFER-POWER...

NEIN! VY FIGHT VHEN VE HAFF BRAINS! NOW MY PLAN ISS...



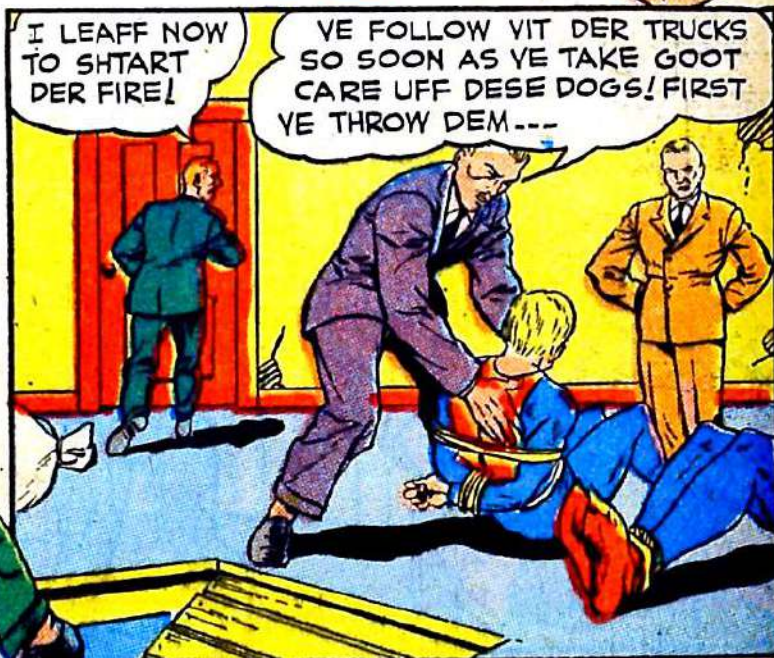
...SIMPLY TO SHTART A FIRE NEAR DER CAMP UND DER SOLDIERS VILL HAFF TO FIGHT IDT TO KEEP IDT VROM SHPREADING! VHILE DEY ARE BUSY, VE COME MITT OUR TRUCKS UND LOAD DEM FULL OF GUNS... UND NOBODY SHTOPS US! GOOT, HA?

YOU ARE A CHENIUS!



CORRECTION! YOU MEAN COLD-BLOODED MURDERER!... OOUUFF!

DOT'S FOR TALKING TOO MUCH...UND SOON YOU SHTOP TALKING FOREVER!



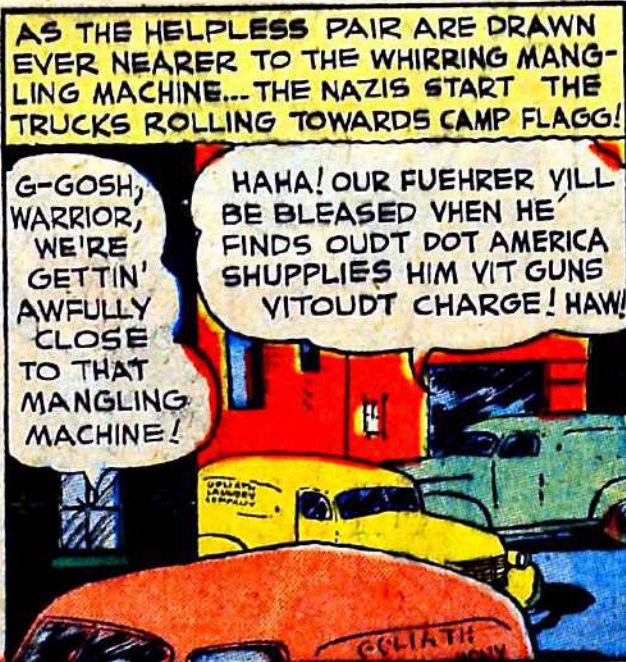
I LEAFF NOW TO SHTART DER FIRE!

VE FOLLOW VIT DER TRUCKS SO SOON AS VE TAKE GOOT CARE UFF DESE DOGS! FIRST VE THROW DEM---



...IN DER CHUTE! DEN... SLOWLY... DEY SLIDE TO DER MANGLER.. UND BELIEF ME, IT MANGLES! HAW!

CHIN UP, KID... WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!



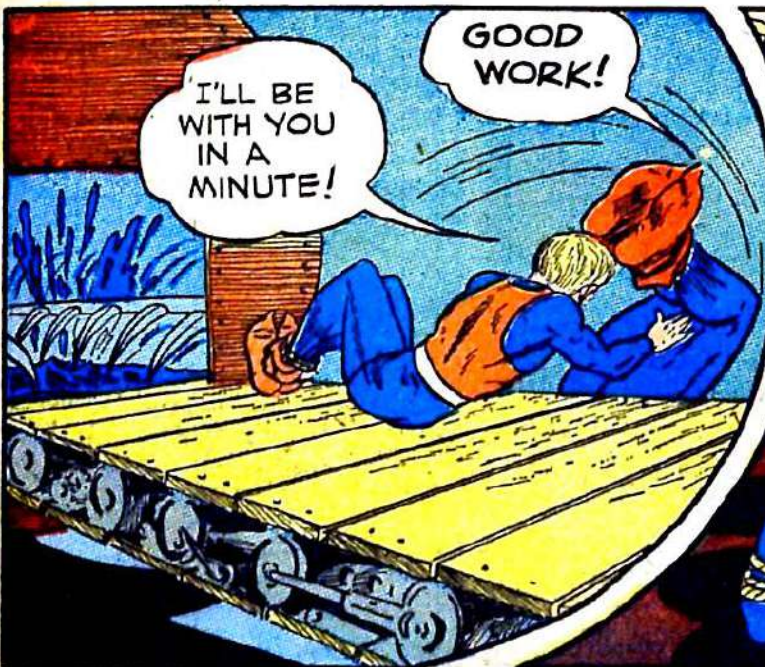
AS THE HELPLESS PAIR ARE DRAWN EVER NEARER TO THE WHIRRING MANGLING MACHINE...THE NAZIS START THE TRUCKS ROLLING TOWARDS CAMP FLAGG!

G-GOSH, WARRIOR, WE'RE GETTIN' AWFULLY CLOSE TO THAT MANGLING MACHINE!

HAHA! OUR FUEHRER VILL BE BLEASED VHEN HE FINDS OUDT DOT AMERICA SHUPPLIES HIM VIT GUNS VIT OUDT CHARGE! HAW!



WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE!



MEANWHILE...TREMENDOUS MOTORS ROAR INTO LIFE AND THE WONDER SHIP ROCKETS FROM ITS HIDING PLACE....



AS THE WONDER PLANE SOON SWEEPS OVER THE DESERTED CAMP.....

BE CAREFUL, DICKY! JUST TRY TO HOLD THEM!!

CHECK!



A FINGER FLICKS A HIDDEN SWITCH AND....

THERE GO THE RETRACTABLE WINGS, WARRIOR! NOW...WHAT'S YOUR PLAN OF ATTACK???

WELL...IF WE GO FOR THE PHONY LAUNDRY TRUCKS, THE NAZI FIRE BUG WILL HAVE STARTED SOMETHING THAT MAY WRECK EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE TOWN!



AND IF WE TAKE CARE OF THE FIRE, FIRST, THEN THE TRUCKS WILL MAKE THEIR HAUL AND GET AWAY! SO....

SAY NO MORE! I GET IT!



THROTTLE WIDE OPEN... THE WONDER PLANE ZOOMS FOR THE CRACKLING FLAMES---

HIMMEL! V-VOT ISS DOT FOOL DRYING TO DO!



NO USE BREAKING SPEED RECORDS, WILHELM---

H-HE WILL CRASH! B-BETTER I LEAFF NOW!



--- FOR I INSIST ON HAVING COMPANY!! -

Y-YOU???
...US...AJEE!!



WINGS RETRACTED, THE CAR RUSHES HEADLONG FOR THE BLAZING FOREST!

SEEMS I WAS WRONG! I THOUGHT YOU LIKED FIRE!

L-LEIBER GOTT! V-YELL BE BURNT TO DEATH! VE HAFF NO CHANCE!



A KNOB TWISTS AND TRACTOR TREADS
DROP FROM THE MARVELLOUSLY COMPLEX
MECHANISM!

I...I DON'T
WANT TO
D-DIE!

IT WOULD BE POETIC
JUSTICE IF YOU SUFFERED
THE FATE YOU
SO CALLOUSLY INTENDED
FOR OTHERS... BUT
I HAVE OTHER
PLANS!

I KNOW HOW HARD
YOU'VE WORKED...
BUT I'M SURE YOU
WON'T MIND IF I
MESS UP YOUR
PLANS!

MAMMOTH TREES
ARE SNAPPED LIKE
MATCH-STICKS BE-
FORE THE TRACTOR'S
ONSLAUGHT----



AS THE HURRYING
SOLDIERS BURST
UPON THE SCENE.

I AIN'T NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE IT!

THE MARINES
HAVE LANDED!
I'D BETTER
HURRY!

TRACTOR TREADS DISAPPEAR...AND
WINGS SLIDE INTO POSITION----

J-JUMPIN' JELLY-
FISH!! WHAT'S
THAT CON-
TRAPTION!!

GET BACK TO
THE CAMP...NAZI
SABOTEURS ARE
PLANNING TO
STEAL YOUR
GUNS AND AM-
MUNITION!

WHOEVER
YOU ARE....
THANKS! LET'S
GO MEN!



THAT MOMENT...
AT CAMP FLAGG...

SHTEP ON IDT, HANS,
SOMEONE CLOSES DER
GATES... HO! ITS DER
LITTLE VEASEL...
HE'S ESCAPED!

GOLLY!... HERE
THEY COME
NOW! MAYBE
THE GATE'LL
STOP'EM!

A HAIL OF BULLETS SING FROM THE TRUCKS
AS THE MAMMOUTHS CRASH THROUGH!

CAN'T MAKE
IT...YEEHAW!

VE HAFF POURED INTO
HIM ENOUGH BULLETS
TO MAKE VOR HIM
A LEAD COFFIN!
HA! HA!



AS THE NAZIS, WIELDING SUB-MACHINE GUNS, POUR FROM THE TRUCKS, AN AVENGING MAN-MADE BIRD SWEEPS OVER THE FIELD...

HO! MISSED DER SHRIMP! DIS TIME VE MAKE SURE!

THEY'VE GOT DICKY CORNERED!

... BUT THERE'S ONE MORE RABBIT, OR SNAKE... LEFT IN THE HAT!

A--A PLANE--- UND IDT DROPS A BOMB!

AND IT IS A BOMB... A HUMAN BOMB, FOR THE LONE WARRIOR HAS FLUNG WILHELM... THE FALSE LAUNDRY CONCESSIONAIRE FROM THE WONDER PLANE---

THIS'LL HOLD 'EM TILL WARRIOR SETS TH' PLANE DOWN!

AIEEES!

ITS... WILHELM.. UGH!

SAY! HE WASN'T KIDDING! WAS HE?

NO! AND HE SEEMS TO HAVE THOSE GUYS PRETTY WELL CLEANED UP FOR US!

NICE GOING, DICKY!

THE NAZIS CONFESS AND---

SAY...WAIT A MINUTE. I WANT TO THANK YOU!

FOR WHAT? THANK US FOR SOMETHING WE ENJOYED DOING? DON'T KID US!

WELL, WHOEVER THEY ARE, THEY'VE DONE A SWELL JOB! I BETTER GET CARTER OUT OF JAIL AND PERSONALLY APOLOGIZE!

LATER...

CARTER, I'VE COME HERE TO APOLOGIZE AND... SAY, WHAT WERE YOU DOING WITH THOSE BARS?

HUH?? OH... ER... JUST EXERCISING! KEEPING FIT, Y'KNOW! HAHA!

GULP... JUST STRAIGHT-ENED OUT THOSE BARS IN TIME!

YOU STILL HERE???? WELL... YOU CAN BOTH LEAVE NOW!

TYPHOON TYSON



OIL SHIPMENTS FROM AMERICAN-OWNED OIL FIELDS IN ARABIA TO SINGAPORE ARE BEING MYSTERIOUSLY SUNK IN THE INDIAN OCEAN. TYPHOON TYSON IS COMMISSIONED BY U.S. NAVAL HEADQUARTERS AT MANILA TO TRACK DOWN THE TROUBLE.

AT U.S. NAVAL HEADQUARTERS AT MANILA.

THERE ARE YOUR SEALED ORDERS CAPTAIN TYSON.. AND GOOD LUCK!

THIS IS GOING TO BE A LOT OF FUN, COMMANDER!



GET ALL STORES ABOARD QUICKLY, ANZAC. WE'RE HEADING FOR BOMBAY!

OH, BOY! SOME ACTION AT LAST!



AND THAT EVENING THE DOUGHTY SEA LION STANDS OUT TO SEA ON ITS PERILOUS MISSION.



THREE WEEKS LATER, THE SEA LION DROPS ANCHOR AT BOMBAY. . . .



THAT NIGHT, MIKE WINDS UP IN A WATER-FRONT DIVE. . . .



BUT CARMEN IS A CLEVER SPY FOR A NAZI AGENT. . . .



AND SHE FINALLY GETS MIKE TO TELL HER WHY THE SEA LION IS IN BOMBAY. . . .



SUDDENLY, IN HIS STUPOR, MIKE GROWS SUSPICIOUS OF CARMEN!



FEARING MIKE WILL EXPOSE HER TO THE POLICE, CARMEN SIGNALS HER HENCHMEN TO CAPTURE HIM!



THE OTHER SPIES CLOSE IN ON MIKE!



MEANWHILE, TYPHOON AND ANZAC, RETURNING TO THE SEA LION, PASS BY THE BAR MIKE IS IN



TYPHOON AND ANZAC WADE IN TO RESCUE MIKE!



LATER THAT NIGHT, CARMEN REPORTS TO HER NAZI CHIEF IN A SUMPTUOUS ORIENTAL HIDE-OUT.



THE NAZI AGENT RADIOS INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS SUBMARINE.



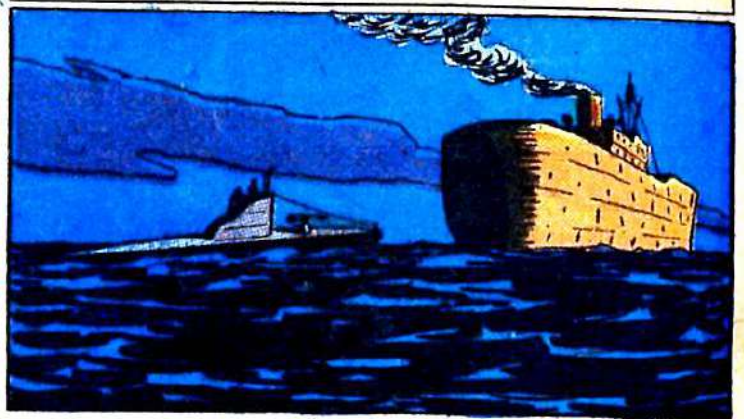
NEXT DAY, ABOARD THE NAZI RAIDER. . . .



THREE NIGHTS OUT OF BOMBAY, THE NAZI SUB SIGHTS THE SEA LION.



PLANNING TO LOOT THE SEA LION BEFORE TORPEDOING IT, THE SUB SNEAKS UP ON IT!



VE VILL BOARD HER! GET YOUR CUTLASSES AND PISTOLS READY, DUMMERS!



THE SUB IS UNOBSERVED IN THE NIGHT AS IT SILENTLY CREEPS ALONGSIDE THE SEA LION!



SUDDENLY THE PIRATE CREW FLASH THEIR WEAPONS AND SWARM OVER THE SIDE OF THE SEA LION!



A BRUTAL FIGHT ENSUES BUT THE SURPRISED CREW OF THE SEA LION IS FINALLY OVERCOME!



SO YOU'RE THE PIRATE DOGS WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HUNT DOWN!

YES, HERR CAPTAIN! VE ARE VERY SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR PLANS! TIE THEM UP, MEN!



THIS LOOKS BAD, ANZAC!

NOW LOCK THEM UP BELOW DECKS AND AFTER VE ROB THE SHIP, VE BLOW IT UP!



AS THEY TURN INTO A CORRIDOR BELOW DECKS, TYPHOON SLIPS INTO A DARK COMPARTMENT, UNOBSERVED BY THE TWO GUARDS!



SH! THIS IS OUR ONLY HOPE!

THE GUARDS, NOT NOTICING TYPHOON'S ABSENCE, LOCK UP THE CREW AND RETURN TO TOPSIDE.



NOW WE ROB DER SHIP!

I'VE GOT TO GET FREE AND SINK THAT SUB BEFORE THEY SINK US! HOW CAN I CUT THIS ROPE? BROKEN GLASS WOULD DO IT! AH! I'LL BREAK A WINDOW GLASS ON THE BRIDGE!



TYPHOON STEALS ABOVE AND, IN THE BREAKING DAWN, WATCHES THE SUB PULL AWAY FROM THE SEA LION!



THERE THEY GO! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

HE WAITS TILL THE SUB IS WELL CLEAR, THEN RUNS TO THE BRIDGE!



HOPE THEY DON'T HEAR THE WINDOW BREAK!

HE KICKS OUT A PANE OF GLASS, EXPOSING A SHARP EDGE!



FRANTICALLY, HE RUBS THE ROPE BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE SHARP EDGE OF THE BROKEN GLASS!



GEE! THEY'RE SWINGING THE SUB TO POINT AT US NOW!

AFTER LONG EFFORT THE ROPE IS FINALLY CUT!



THANK HEAVEN! MAN, THAT SUB IS ALMOST POINTING STRAIGHT AT US!

TYPHOON RUSHES MADLY TO THE GUN!



EVERY SECOND COUNTS! HOPE I CAN GET HIM BEFORE HE GETS US!

BUT ANOTHER NAZI SUB, ALSO SEEKING THE SEA LION, APPROACHES FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

OUR OTHER SUB MUST HAVE CAPTURED THE SEA LION!



WHILE ON THE FIRST SUB...

STAND BY TO FIRE TORPEDO TUBE NUMBER 3!



HE PULLS THE LANYARD AND A VICIOUS BLAST BREAKS THE STILLNESS!

DON'T MISS, BABY!

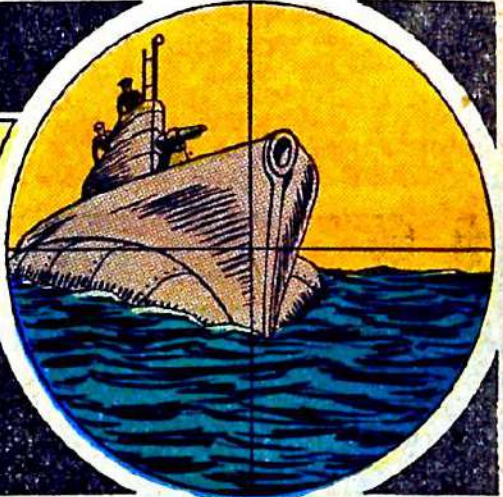


TYPHOON MANS THE GUN ALONE!

NOW HE'S POINTING RIGHT AT US!

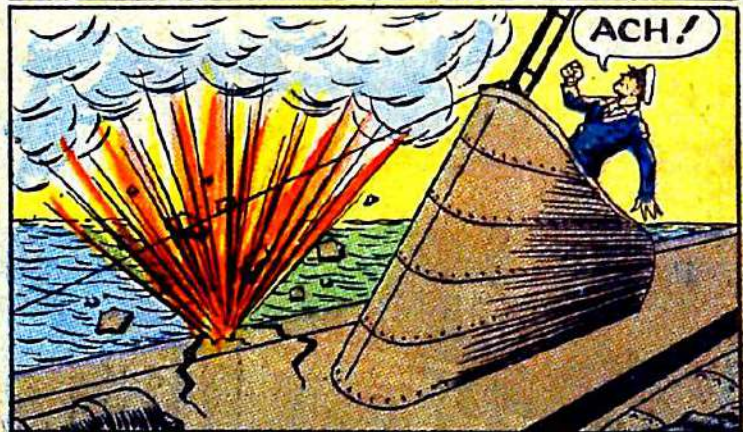


TYPHOON POINTS THE GUN WITH DEADLY AIM!



A DIRECT HIT! AND THE SUB BLOWS UP.

ACH!



NOW TO RELEASE THE CREW!



THE OTHER NAZI SUB-MARINE, SENSING WHAT HAPPENED, OPENS FIRE WITH ITS HEAVIER GUN.

ACH! SOMETHING WENT WRONG! OPEN FIRE ON THE SEA LION!



... AND DESTROYS THE SEA LION'S GUN!

WHAT THE... THERE GOES OUR GUN! HE'S GOT US LICKED NOW!





SURRENDER,
SEA LION!

WHAT
ELSE CAN
WE DO?



THE NAZI SUBMARINE CREW, FORCING THE SEA LION
TO SEND A LIFEBOAT TO PICK THEM UP, GO ABOARD
THE CAPTIVE SHIP!

FOR SINKING A SHIP OF
THE FATHERLAND YOU
MUST DIE! TIE HIM TO
THAT DEPTH BOMB AND
SHOOT HIM OVER THE SIDE!



YOU WILL NOT
ESCAPE THIS TIME,
CAPTAIN TYSON!



NOT UNDERSTANDING THE ENGLISH
MARKINGS ON THE DEPTH BOMB, THE
NAZI CAPTAIN ORDERS ANZAC TO SET IT.

SET IT TO EXPLODE AT 300
FEET SO IT DOESN'T HURT
OUR SUB!

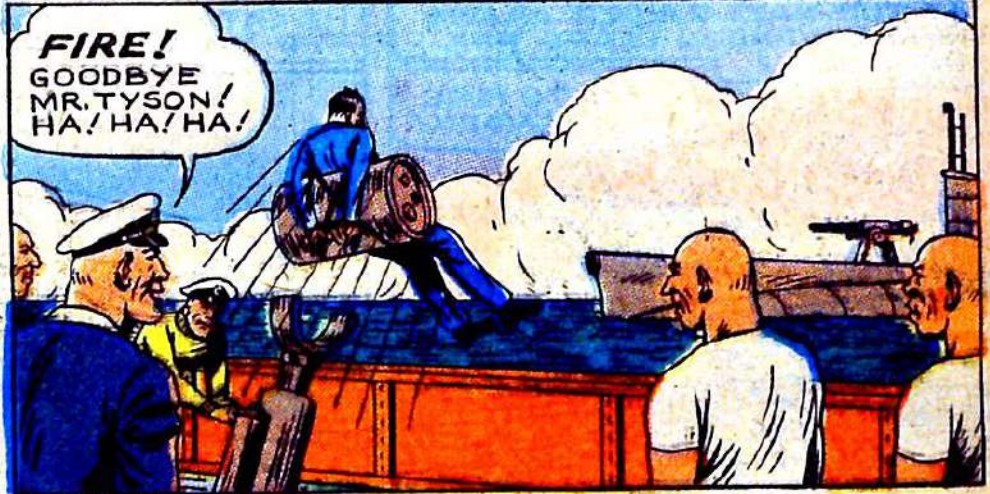
WHAT?

AS ANZAC SETS THE
BOMB HE CUTS THE LINE
BINDING TYPHOON!



I'VE CUT THE
LINE, SKIPPER!

OKAY,
BOY!



FIRE!
GOODBYE
MR. TYSON!
HA! HA! HA!

BUT AS HE HITS THE WATER, TYPHOON
WRIGGLES FREE FROM HIS BONDS!



THERE! NOW TO
RESET THE BOMB!

QUICKLY TYPHOON RESETS THE
BOMB TO EXPLODE AT 100 FEET!



THAT WILL SMASH
THEIR SUB!

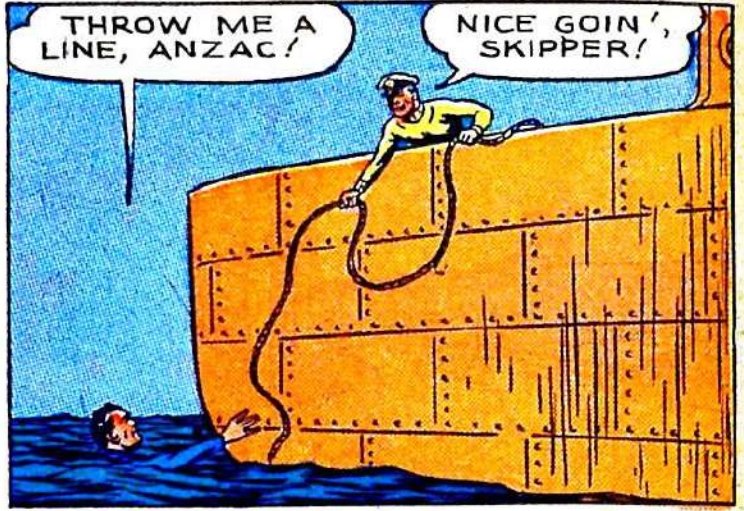
AS THE BOMB DESCENDS, TYPHOON STREAKS FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA LION!

I'VE GOT TO MAKE KNOTS PLENTY!

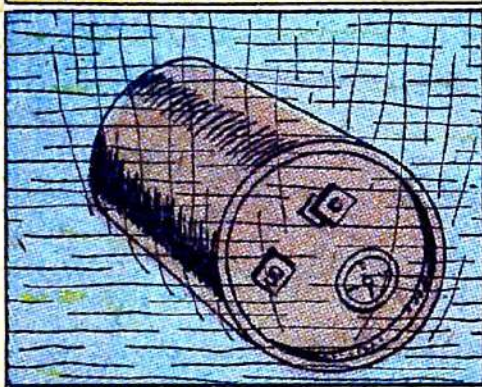


THROW ME A LINE, ANZAC!

NICE GOIN', SKIPPER!



THE BOMB PLUNGES TO THE FATAL DEPTH AS THE NAZIS RETURN TO THEIR SUB!



AS IT REACHES 100 FEET A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE OCEAN!



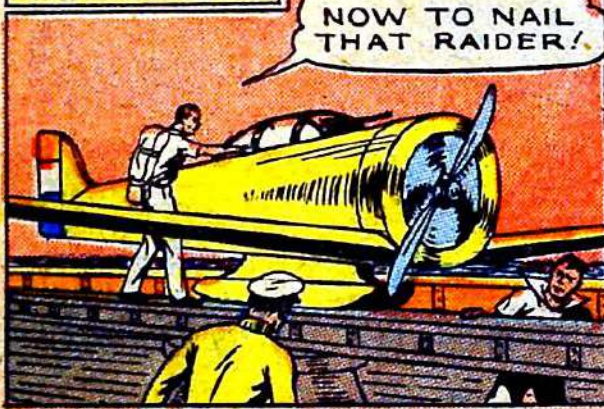
THE DOOMED SUB'S SEAMS ARE SPLIT OPEN!

ACH! WE ARE LOST!



AS THE NAZI RAIDER DRAWS NEAR, TYPHOON LEAPS FOR HIS PLANE!

NOW TO NAIL THAT RAIDER!



HE CATAPULTS OFF THE SHIP TO BOMB THE RAIDER!

TYPHOON'LL GET THAT RAIDER OR I'M A FLYIN' MACKEREL!



WHILE ON THE RAIDER...

ACH! A PLANE! I MUST GO UP AND BRING HIM DOWN!



A FURIOUS DOG FIGHT FOLLOWS!

HE KNICKED MY WING THAT TIME!

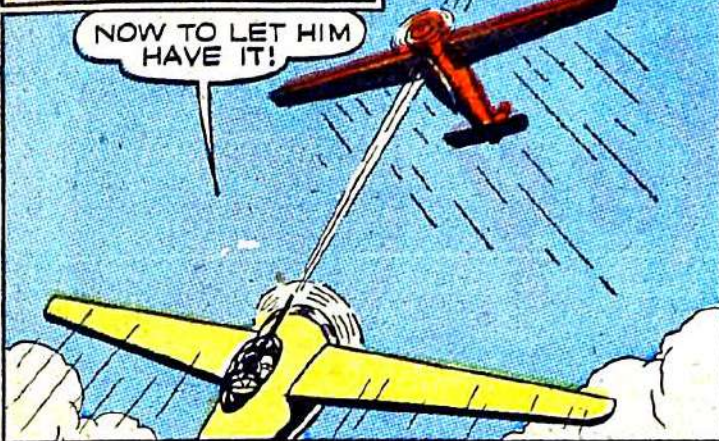


BUT A WICKED SPATTER OF BULLETS SHATTERS TYPHOON'S COCKPIT!

OUCH! HE GOT ME IN THE SHOULDER!



BANKING QUICKLY, TYPHOON COMES UP DIRECTLY UNDER HIS ENEMY.



HIS WICKED FIRE TEARS THROUGH THE NAZI'S FUSELAGE AND IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES!



BUT HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE FROM THE RAIDER KEEPS TYPHOON TOO HIGH!



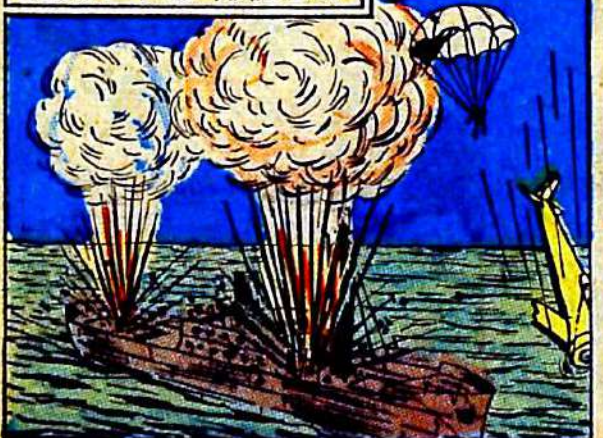
TYPHOON DECIDES ON A DARING BOMB DIVE.



AS TYPHOON DIVES ON THE RAIDER, IT'S DEADLY FIRE RIPS AWAY ONE OF HIS WINGS!



AS TYPHOON BAILS OUT, THE BOMBS BLAST THE RAIDER!

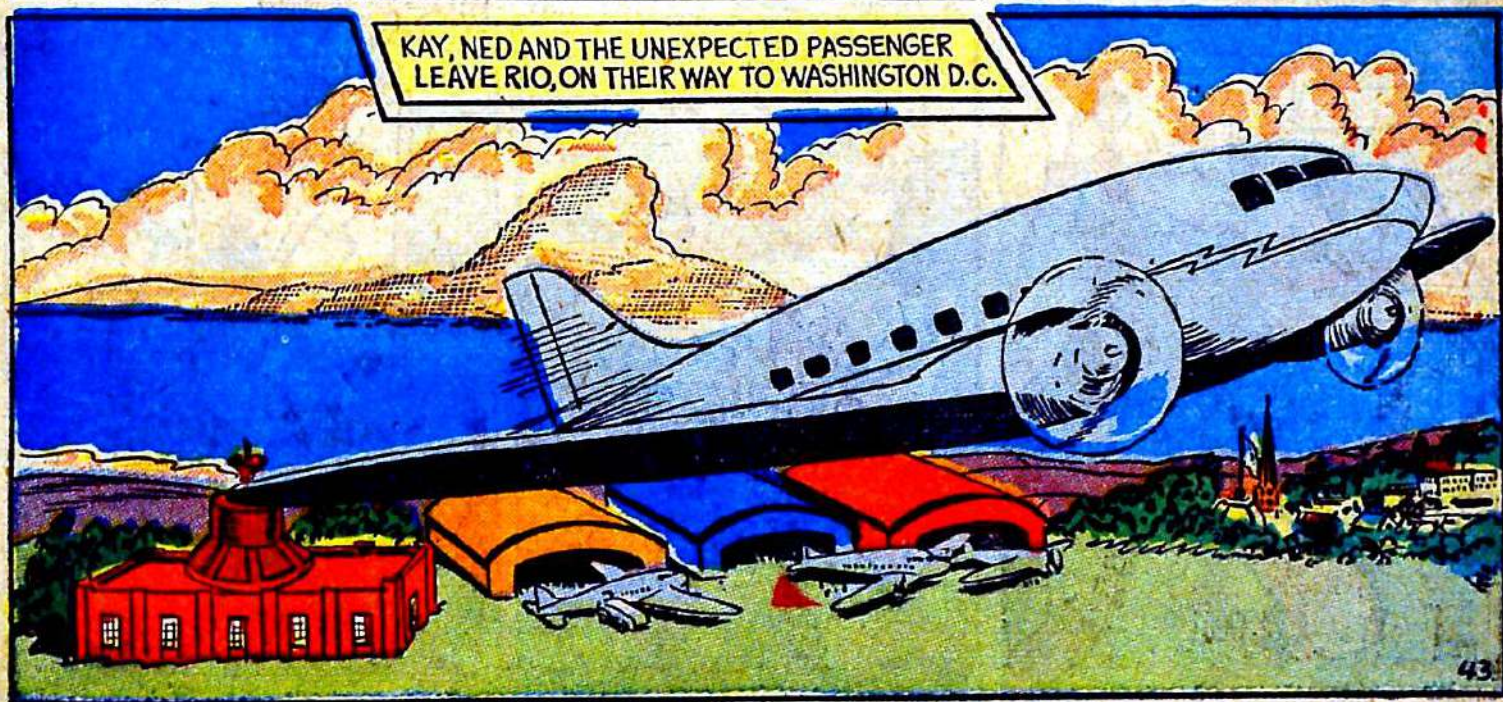
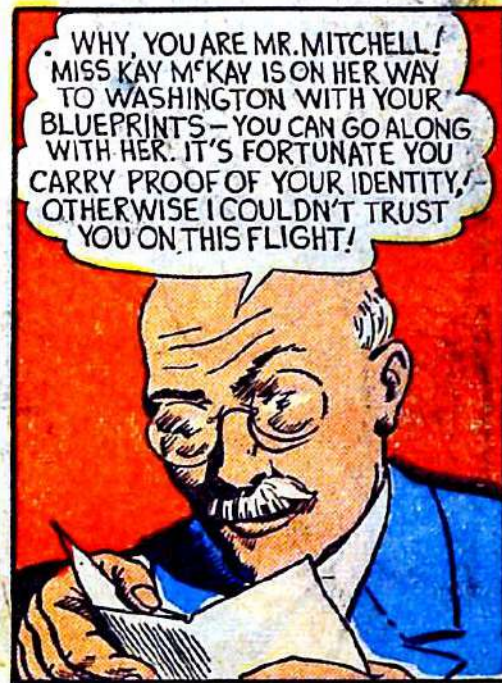


ANZAC'S BOAT CREW PICKS UP TYPHOON AS THE RAIDER GOES DOWN WITH ALL HANDS!



THERE'LL BE ANOTHER SMASHING TYPHOON TYSON ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE! DON'T MISS IT!!









SLINGING ONE ARM THROUGH THE STRAPS OF THE PARACHUTE, KAY PULLS THE RIPCORD . . .

I HOPE THIS WORKS!



THEY'RE FORCING NED TO LAND NEAR THAT OLD MANSION! NOT KNOWING THAT I HAVE THE PLANS THEY ARE AFTER!



FIRST, I MUST HIDE THESE PLANS, THEN TRY TO HELP NED!



AS KAY HIDES THE PAPERS SHE DOES NOT SEE A WEIRD FACE PEERING AT HER THROUGH THE BUSHES . . .

THIS IS A GOOD HIDING PLACE FOR THESE.



WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT WHERE CAN I GO FROM HERE!



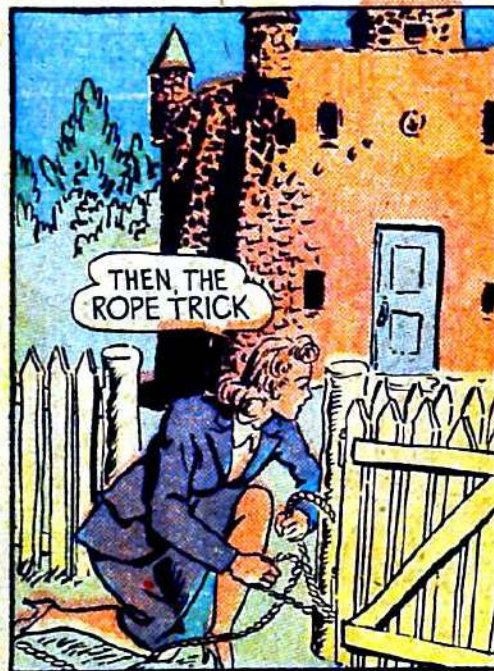
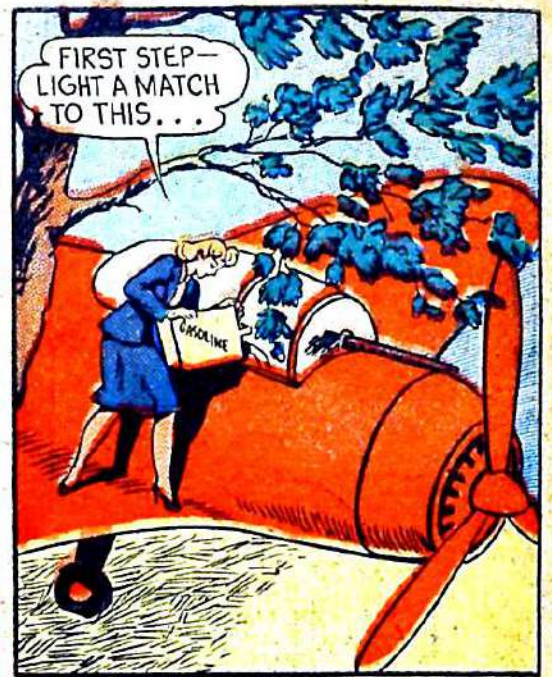
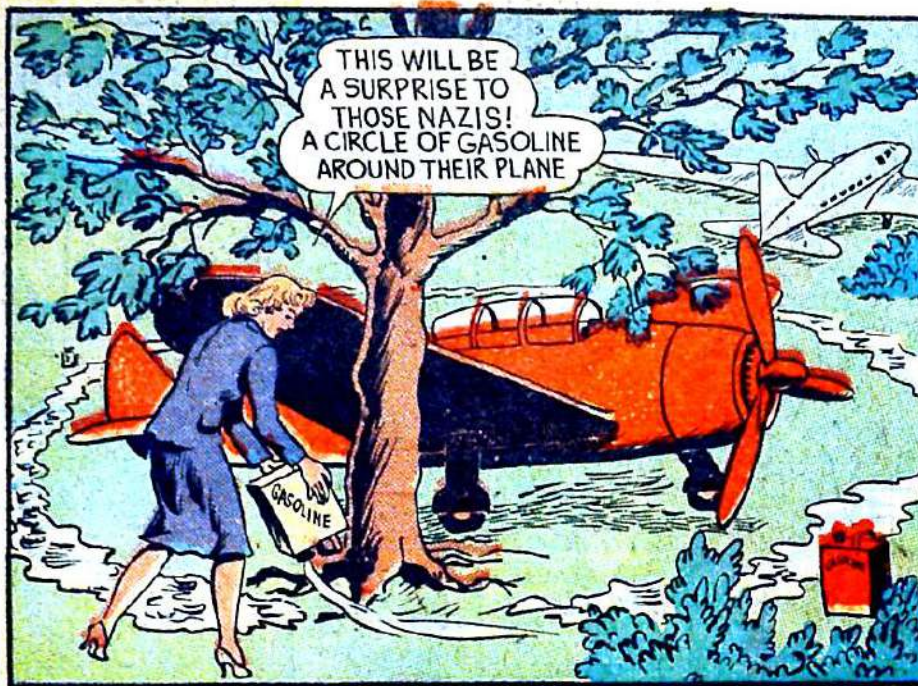
MEANWHILE, AT THE OLD MANSION I WILL WHISTLE FOR MY PETS — THEY WILL MAKE THIS STUBBORN AMERICAN TALK!

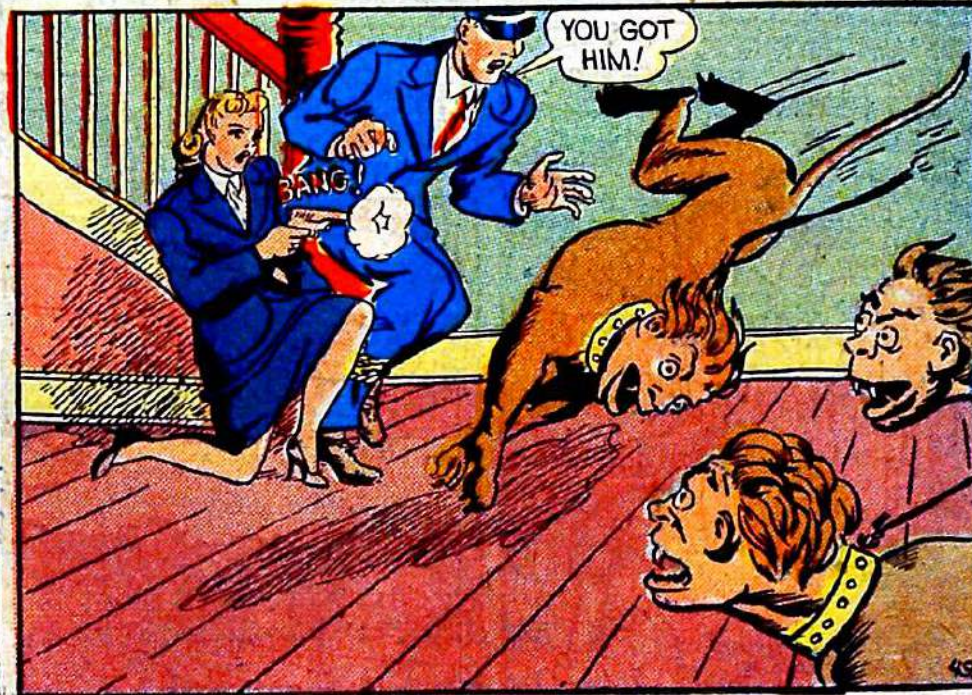
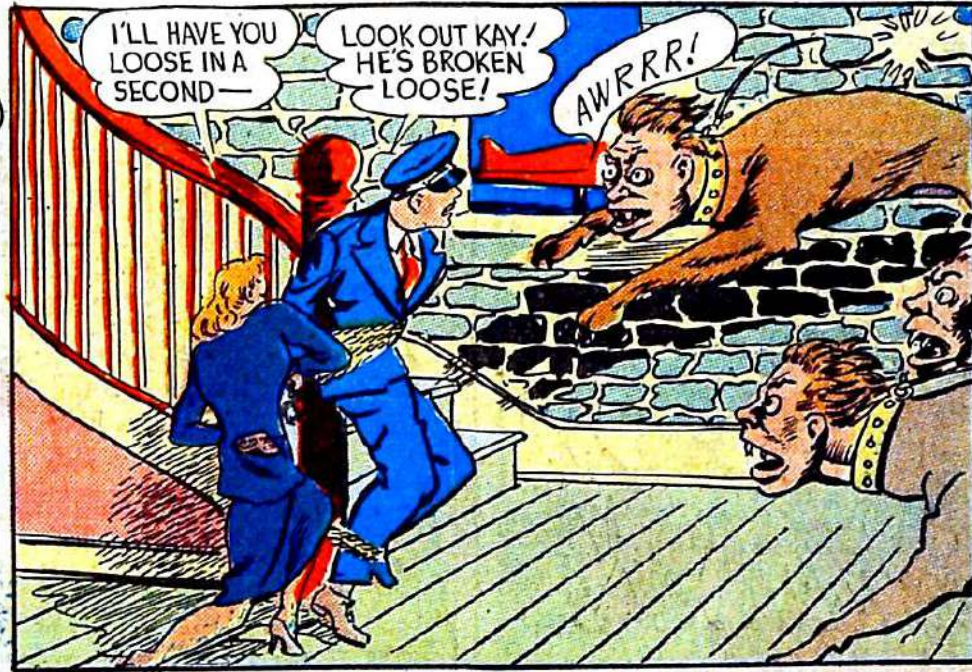


THAT FRIGHTFUL THING OBEYS IT'S MASTER'S WHISTLE!











LOOK! IT'S A DOG, WEARING A MASK!

THEY MUST HAVE USED THAT TO SCARE AWAY THE NATIVES. THIS IS A FIFTH COLUMN HEADQUARTERS!



I KNOW. I HAVE THE SPIES TRAPPED. COME OUTSIDE AND SEE...



WELL! AND I THOUGHT I'D SEEN EVERYTHING!

THEY'RE STILL TRAPPED! AND HERE COMES THE NATIVE POLICE!



TELL THE POLICE OUR STORY, NED, WHILE I GO TO RECOVER THE PLANS...



HERE THEY ARE JUST AS I LEFT THEM.

KAY RETURNS TO FIND THE POLICE HAVE PUT OUT THE FIRE AND ARRESTED THE NAZI SPIES



MISS M'KAY, THESE MEN ARE WANTED BY MY GOVERNMENT! I CONGRATULATE YOU ON THEIR CAPTURE!

THANK YOU.



THEY WANTED TO GET THESE BLUEPRINTS, WHICH THEY THOUGHT, WERE HIDDEN IN OUR PLANE!

WELL I'LL BE —

IN PRISON! COME ON, LET'S GO.



WELL KAY, THERE'S JOURNEY'S END — AND MILLIONS OF AMERICAN LIVES SAVED BY YOUR BEAUTY AND BRAINS!

FINALLY



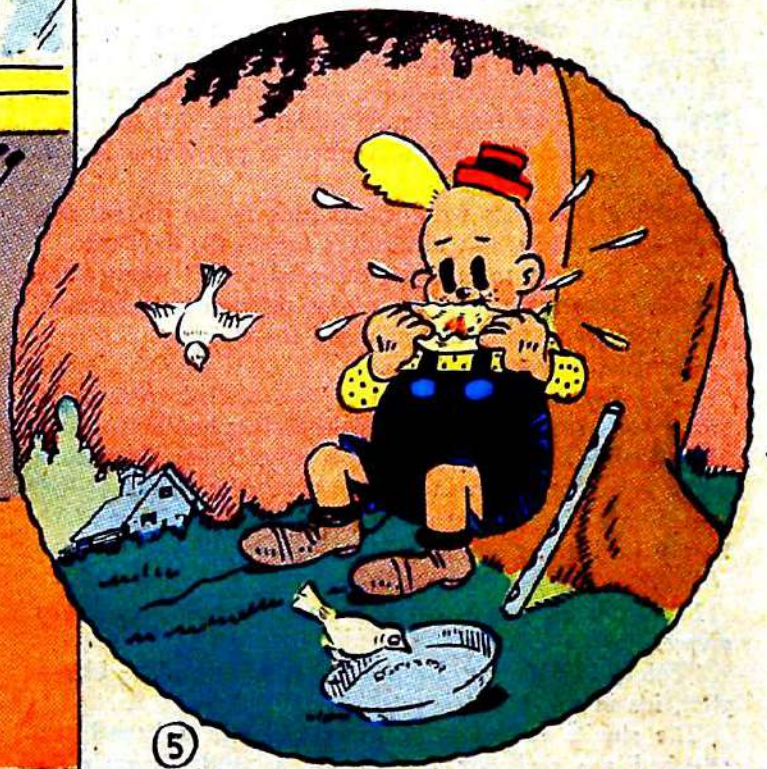
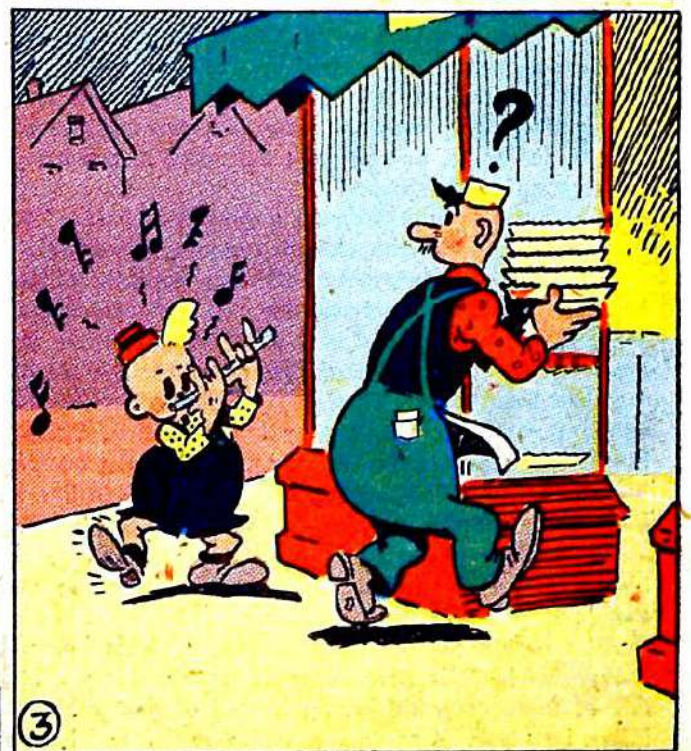
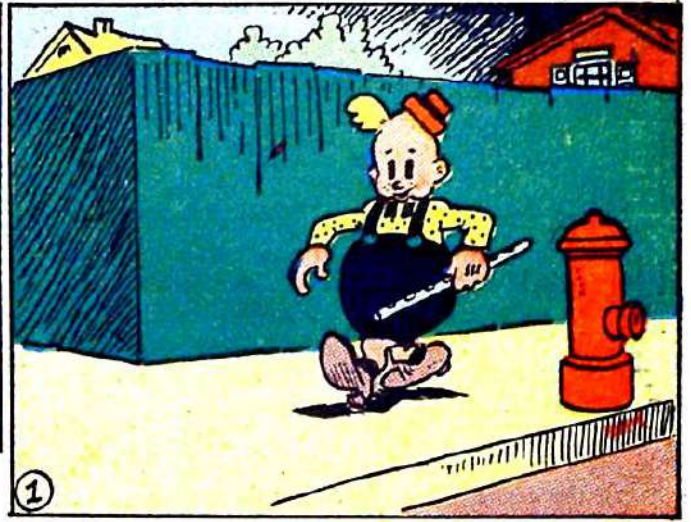
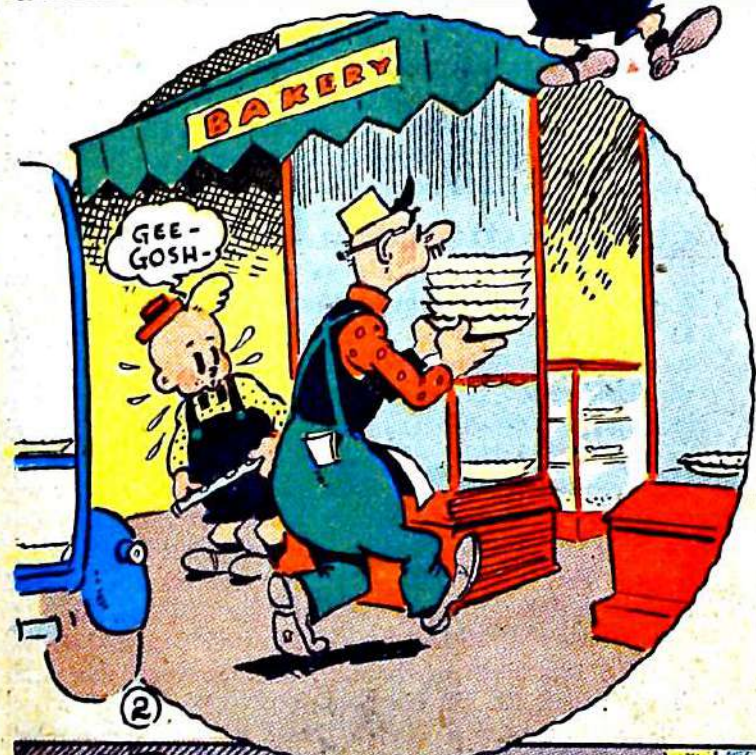
YOU WOULDN'T KID A WORKING GIRL, WOULD YOU PAL?

FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF KAY M'KAY IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

LUKE

AND HIS MAGIC
FLUTE
YA' GOTTA DANCE

by *Pope*



Range

By Ralph

AS the figure blocked out the sun that streamed through the doorway into the hot office, Sheriff Charley Rizdal turned in his chair. The sheriff's craggy brows drew together in anger. His heavy jowels quivered as he roared: "Shorty, confound you, where you been?"

Deputy Shorty Herman's red moon face twisted into a forced smile. He swallowed with effort.

"Charley," he managed at last, "you see I heard about a gypsy camp over to Salt Basin. They got a snake charmer with the outfit an' thinkin' of this outlaw Culver, it sorta gave me an idea."

Sheriff Rizdal turned more fully to face his deputy. He smashed a hard fist onto his desk top.

"You mean to tell me, Shorty, that after that lecture I gave you on them no-good ideas of yours and the trouble they made for us, that you got the nerve to tell me you're working on another one?"

The sheriff's voice rose to a greater thunder. "Wasn't that Blackie Miller idea enough for you, I'm askin'?"

The fidgeting Shorty recalled that incident of Blackie Miller when he broke from the jail. He was cornered in Turner Valley by Rizdal and a posse, but where he had holed up he could stand off the posse for a week.

It had been Shorty's idea to go to the Fisher horse ranch where the rancher had a gray killer stallion. Taking the horse, they would stake it out near where the outlaw was hidden. Seeing this means of escape, Blackie Miller would make a try for the horse and, once he hit that saddle, the killer would explode like dynamite. While he was having his hands full keeping aboard the killer, the posse could close in.

All went off perfectly, excepting that Fisher knew about Shorty and his ideas. He thought that this was just another one of those crazy things. So instead of giving Shorty the killer, he gave him another animal, one that had been broken to the saddle.

Therefore, when the outlaw hit the saddle and sank in his spurs, the gray stallion took him away so far and so fast that Charley Rizdal and the posse didn't have a chance. They hadn't heard from Blackie Miller since. All that came out of this, was that the county had to pay Fisher for his horse.

Shorty's reflections were jerked back to the present moment by another smash of Rizdal's fist on the desk top.

"You listening to me, you calf-eyed fool?" shouted the sheriff. "One more idea and you're through as a lawman. Back you go to forty a month and found."

The sheriff waved a paper.

"Two days ago," he continued, "the marshal up at Lodestone wrote and told me that Snake Culver had busted outa Deer Lodge and was headin' this way. Think about how we're gonna rope him in and no more trick ideas."

Suddenly Rizdal's eyes glanced at the cardboard box which Shorty held under one arm.

"What's that box you got tied up there?" he asked.

Shorty's voice was hardly a whisper. He gulped and then answered:

"Thinkin' of Culver, I got an idea, Charley. The idea—well, it's in this box."

The sheriff came out of his chair with a bound and snatched the tied box from Shorty's hand. Savagely he flung it through the doorway into the dusty street. Then

drawing in a long breath, the lawman began to speak soothingly as he would to a small child.

"Shorty, old son, you're an expert with a six-gun and only an Indian has better eyes for trackin'. Yes, you're pretty valuable to this here sheriff's office, but today I got Culver on my mind and my patience is kinda worn. I don't want to see that face around me for the rest of the afternoon or night. You just go up to the Bottoms Up Saloon, Shorty, and get into a good card game or get good and drunk and sleep it off, and maybe by tomorrow your head will be all cleared of ideas. But whatever you do get outa my sight."

Shorty lifted a hand and opened his mouth as if to say something. Instead, shrugging, he turned and clunked outside. He stopped only to recover the box which Rizdal had taken from him and flung into the street.

SHERIFF CHARLEY RIZDAL was the type who had, by hard work and effort, made a record for himself. When Snake Culver had held up the Voncha County stage, Charley saddled up and was not seen for four days. When he returned, Snake Culver was with him, a raging, fuming, wounded outlaw. From the time he was put in jail, tried by a jury and then shipped to Deer Lodge, he threatened to return and kill Charley Rizdal for what he had done.

Now, according to the marshal at Lodestone, Culver was on his vengeance trail. Rizdal pulled out his watch and saw that the time was twelve thirty. Outside, night looked through the windows. The sheriff cleared his desk-top and then reached to turn out the lamp on the wall above it.

That was when he heard the creak of the door that opened into the cell block in the rear, and the voice that said: "Don't move, Rizdal! Get 'em up!"

Slowly the sheriff obeyed. Next he was commanded: "Turn around! And be quick about it!"

Rizdal turned. Then he knew that at last it had come. For he was looking into the green, wolflike eyes and black-bearded face of Snake Culver. In Culver's hairy hand reposed a long-barreled six-gun, pointed at the sheriff's head. Culver's lips were curled back from pointed teeth.

"Get up, sheriff, and move this way!"

Standing before the outlaw, Rizdal felt his gun being taken from its holster. He wished now that the jail and office had been built in the center of the town, instead of at one end of it. Then there might have been a chance for help.

Culver stepped back into the dimness of the short hallway.

"Come on, Rizdal," he chuckled. "We're goin' out the back way."

The sheriff walked through. With Culver's gun barrel jabbed into his back, he moved to the rear door, which was ajar.

"Keep goin' right outside, sheriff!" growled the outlaw.

Once outside, Rizdal noticed Culver pick up a bag nearby. From it came a sharp buzzing sound, and it suddenly struck Rizdal that Culver had a rattlesnake in that bag. He remembered then of stories he had heard of how Culver got the name of Snake. He would loose a rattlesnake on his victims. They would die a horrible death, but no evidence could point at the outlaw. Yet once or twice his victims had lived long enough to tell that it had been Culver who had released the snake on them.

Now the outlaw said: "All right, Rizdal, straight ahead to that barn ahead of you!"

Reptile

Powers

The sheriff was prodded toward the short barn where was kept his and Shorty's horses. They got inside, and again that ominous buzzing came to the condemned sheriff's ears. The two horses snorted with fright. A candle sputtered its yellow, wavering light over the surroundings.

"I said I'd get you, Rizdal," snarled Culver now. "You see this bag I'm openin'? Well, there's a good-sized rattler inside of it. Shootin' you, or knifin' you, won't make you suffer enough. A rattler's poison will prolong your life a little before you die. Don't think you can get away, Rizdal, 'cause I'll be standin' right outside listenin' to your yells and groans, and there'll be a gurt in my paw."

Rizdal said nothing to the outlaw. He knew that talking would do no good. So now he watched as Culver finally opened the mouth of the flour sack and then hurried out, closing the barn door quickly after him.

The sack quivered. Then from the opening Charley saw the flat head and glittering eyes of the rattler. Its writhing body came gliding out of the sack. The head lifted and swayed from one side to the other. Finally it stopped, as it caught sight of the man. Again came that ominous rattle that portended death.

IT was a trying moment for Rizdal, as he watched and saw the snake glide toward him. A few feet away it stopped, coiled. And then, with blinding speed, it struck. Rizdal, perspiration gleaming on his face, leaped aside, and saw that the rattler had missed. With blinding speed it coiled again, its flat head and glittering eyes raised. But now Charley had gone to the other end of the room. The snake uncoiled and with a deathly swiftness came at him again. And the sheriff knew that he might not escape those fangs the second time.

Then, with a chill that shook him, he saw a second reptile move out from the shadows against the wall to his right. Another snake. In the candlelight it seemed like a black, shiny thick bull-whip that had suddenly become alive. The rattler stopped its progress toward the sheriff, turned at this new menace. Then, like a striking cat's paw, it started to slide away from the other snake.

The second snake started in pursuit. And the rattler, as if knowing it could never escape, turned suddenly, coiled and struck. The black head swayed aside and the rattler missed. Then Charley saw the newcomer turn into a streak of flashing speed as its fangs sank in behind the rattler's head, its coils whipping around and around the mottled body. Struggle as it might, the rattler could not break those coils.

And then Charley Rizdal heard the voice of his deputy speaking softly from outside.

"Hey, Charley, listen to me. This is Shorty. I was comin' back to the office to talk to you an' I saw the whole thing. I can see you now from a crack in the board here. I got an idea, Charley. Do what I tell you an' it'll work out. Start screechin' an' yellin' an' then give a couple groans. Keep it up for about a minute or so. Then slide over to the door an' when Culver opens it, rush him. Do what I tell you, Charley."

The sheriff, his eyes still riveted on the struggling reptiles, at first thought he was hearing the deputy's voice in a dream—perhaps some trick of his brain. But as Shorty continued talking, the lawman decided to take a wild chance and do as he was told.

He proceeded to go mad, yelling and screeching, putting as much terror in his voice as possible. Twice he yelled; "Culver, help, I'm dying."

After that Rizdal uttered a couple of deep groans. Then he slid silently to the door. Snake Culver's deep laughter struck at his ears.

"Got you, did he!" chuckled the outlaw. Rizdal decided to put the fluttering candle out. He could then see better the form of Culver silhouetted against the moonlight. This he did, plunging the room in blackness. Again he uttered a groan.

"Hey, Rizdal," the outlaw called. "Can you hear me?"

The sheriff didn't answer. Slowly he saw the door start to open. The dark form of the outlaw was silhouetted on the threshold. Then Charley Rizdal, with every ounce of strength he could muster, swung his fist. That blow glanced off Culver's head and knocked him staggering to the side.

The voice of Shorty now whooped, now yelled:

"I'm takin' the polecat, Charley."

And out of the shadows came the deputy, a heavy club in one hand. It whistled through the air and cracked on Snake Culver's head. He sank to the ground.

"Good work, Shorty," grunted Rizdal. "But why didn't you use your gun on him?"

"That's it," answered the deputy. "I was comin' back to get it. I left it in the drawer of the desk. When I saw Culver here take you out the back way, I went in to get my shootin' iron, but the desk drawer was locked. So was the closet that we have the scatter-guns in."

"Well, help me get the skunk into a cell, Shorty," ordered Rizdal now.

Ten minutes later the outlaw was safely behind bars. Shorty and the sheriff, seated in the office, paid no attention to his pleadings.

"What I want to know, Shorty," the Sheriff said, "is how come this king snake didn't come after me and help that rattler put an end to me?"

"Well, you see," answered the deputy hesitatingly, "I remembered how Snake Culver always killed his men with a rattlesnake. I figured that if a king snake could some way be kept around, we might figure a way to beat Snake at his own game. Thinkin' of it, I went over to Salt Flats to a gypsy camp where they have a snake-charmer. I bought a snake and brought him back in that box you threw out into the street."

"When I saw Culver, as I was about to step into the office, take you out back, I ducked around and waited. I heard everything he said and, at the right time, I loosed the king snake outa the box after the rattler. You see, Charley, a king snake and a rattler has always been enemies, and a king snake is known to always lick a rattler. He does it by crushing a rattler to death. I'm gonna corral that king snake and take him back to the gypsy camp. He deserves to live—after savin' your life."

Sheriff Rizdal, nodding, wiped his brow with a bandanna.

"You see," finished the deputy lamely, "it was just an idea that I had."

Rizdal smiled wearily.

"Shorty," he said, "after this you can depend on it that I'm sure gonna use any ideas you got, 'cause maybe there is something to that law of averages they talk about. If one don't work, another might."

PAUL REVERE JR.



AND HIS FRIENDS BECOME INVOLVED IN THEIR MOST THRILLING ADVENTURES YET, WITH THE ARRIVAL OF AN ENGLISH LAD, RONALD--

CAPT. ANTHONY WESTON LEAVES HIS SON, RONALD, IN PAUL REVERE, SR.'S CARE IN THE LATTER'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND TO ME, REVERE, THAT'S WHY I WANT TO LEAVE RONALD IN YOUR CARE, WHILE I GO TO WASHINGTON.

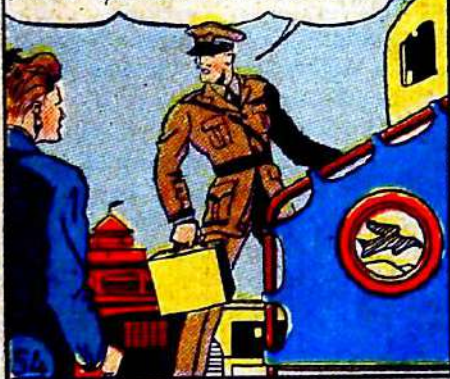
GLAD TO HAVE YOU, RONALD.

THANK YOU, SIR.



AT THE AIRPORT THE R.A.F. CAPTAIN-INVENTOR EXPLAINS HIS MISSION TO HIS FRIEND.

THIS TRIP WILL FURTHER CEMENT THE BOND BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA. YOU SEE, WE'RE GOING TO POOL ALL THE MILITARY SECRETS WE'VE PERFECTED. YOU IN THE LABORATORY, AND WE, UNDER THE BLITZ!



THE CAPTAIN DEPARTS --

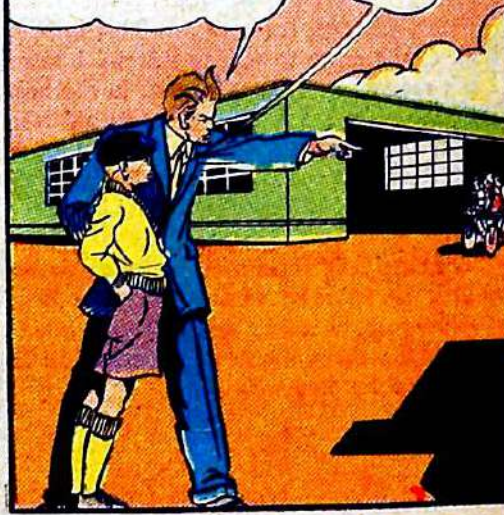
GOODBY, PATER! GOOD LUCK!

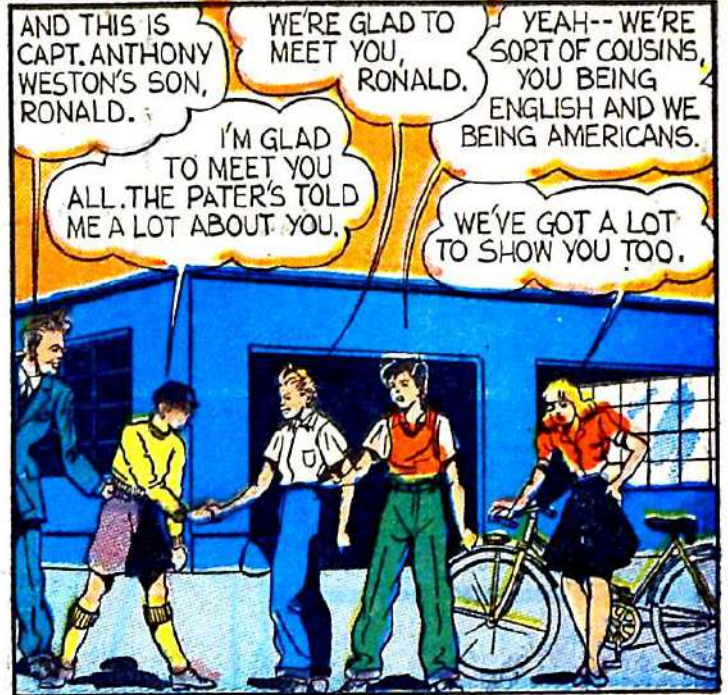
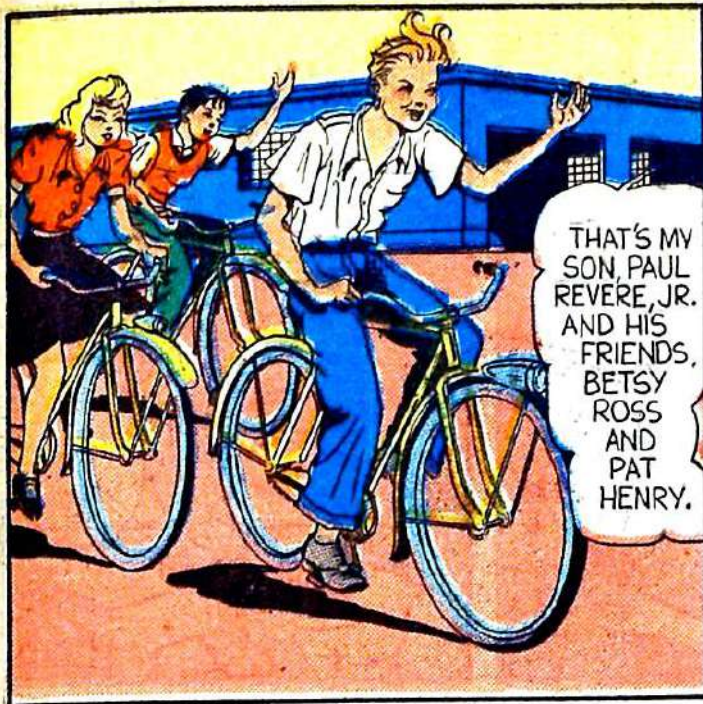
AND NOW, RONALD, I'M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY SON PAUL REVERE, JR. AND HIS FRIENDS.



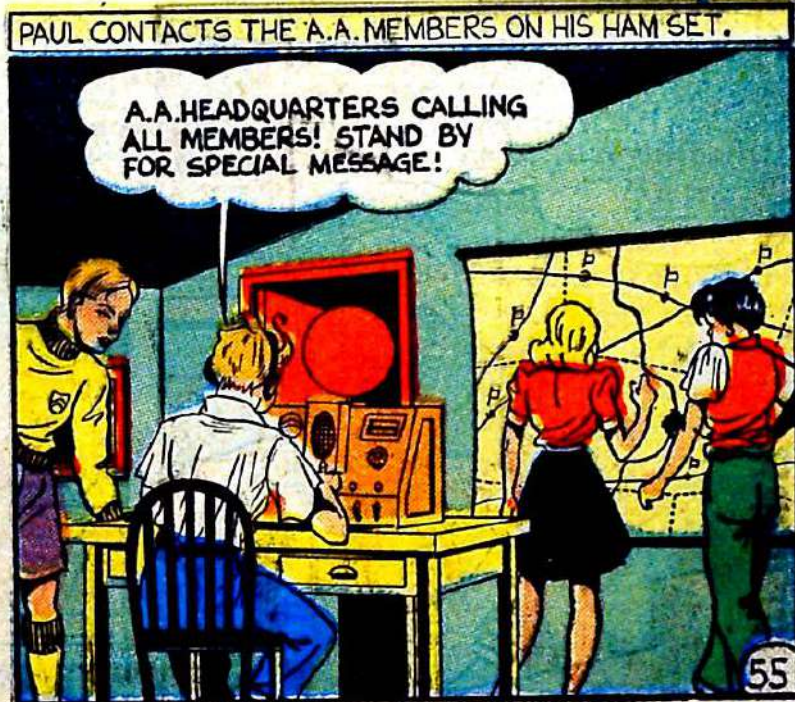
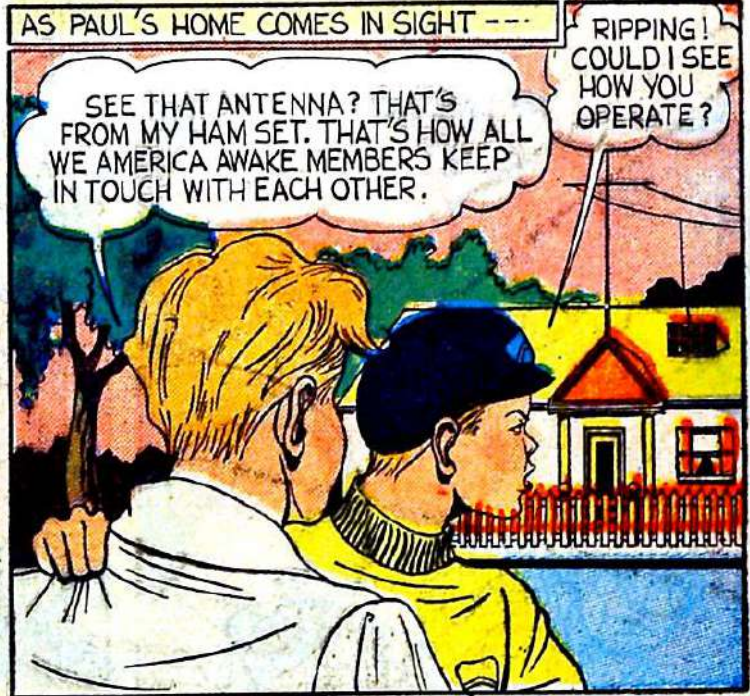
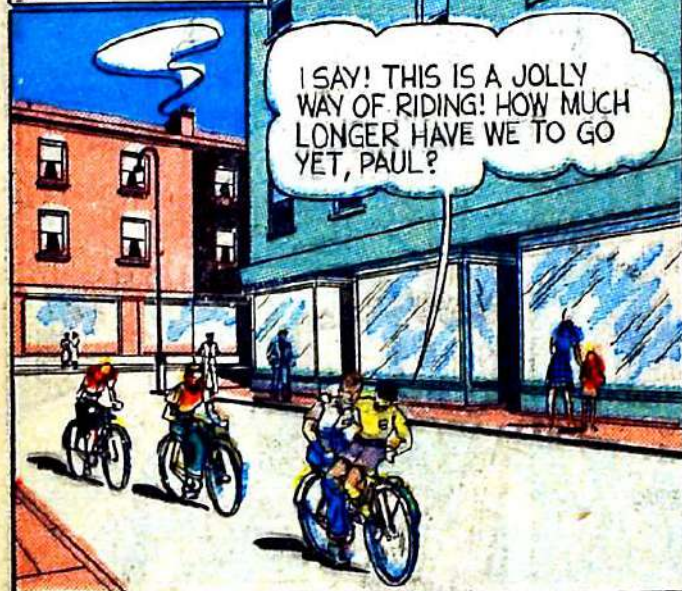
WHY THERE THEY COME NOW! I TOLD THEM I'D MEET THEM HOME, BUT I SUPPOSE THEY DIDN'T WANT TO PUT OFF MEETING YOU.

THEY LOOK VERY JOLLY, SIR. WHAT ARE THEIR NAMES?





AFTER REVERE, SR. HAD TO LEAVE FOR HIS OFFICE, RONALD IS GIVEN A LIFT TO PAUL'S HOME WHERE HE WAS TO STAY.



MEANWHILE, IN A NEARBY CITY, TURBITZ, NAZI SABOTEUR, READS --

ACH! JUST THINK! VEN CAPT. ANTHONY WESTON RETURNS FROM WASHINGTON, HE VILL HAF NOT ONLY ENGLAND'S MILITARY SECRETS, BUT AMERICA'S AS VELL!

LET'S KIDNAP HIM! VE COULD TORTURE DER SECRETS OUT OF HIM.



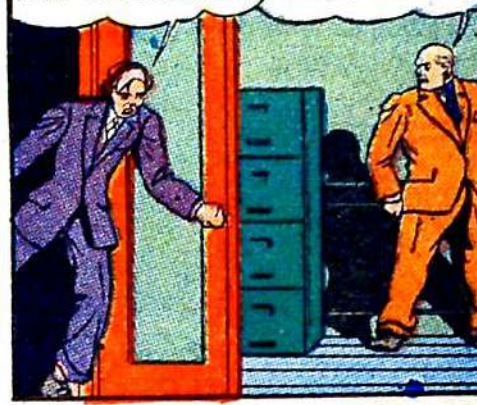
NO! I CAPTURED HIM VONCE IN NORWAY! NO MATTER VOT VE DID TO HIM, HE REFUSED TO TALK! PIG-HEADED ENGLISHMEN! HE EVEN ESCAPED! NO-- VE HAF TO REACH HIM FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE-- BUT VOT?



AT THAT MOMENT TURBITZ'S WIRELESS OPERATOR, STATIONED AT A POWERFUL SHORT WAVE SET, EXCITEDLY ENTERS.

HERR TURBITZ! SOMEDINK CAME OFER VICH I DINK YOU SHOULD HEAR! I HAF RECORDED IT!

I HOPE IT ISN'T LIKE DOSE UDDER THINGS YOU HEARD, VICH TURNED OUT TO BE BOOGIE-WOOGIE MUSIC!



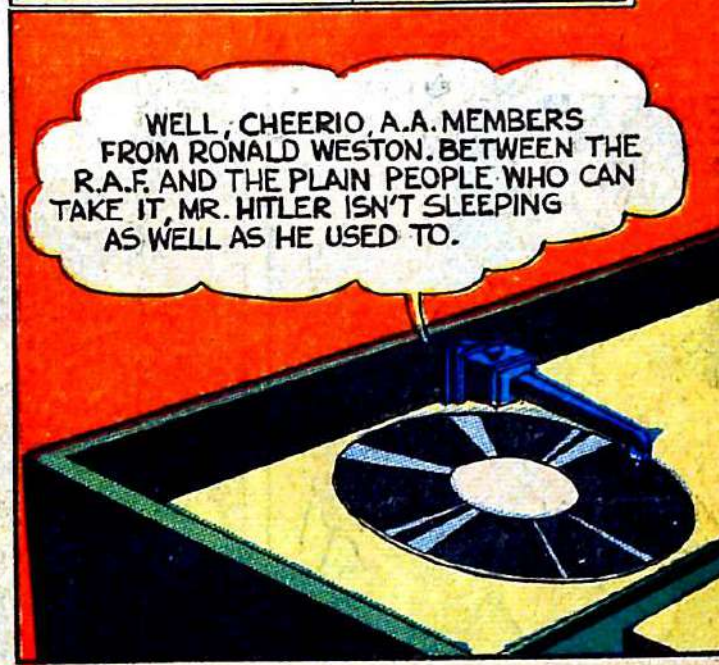
THE OPERATOR STARTS TO PLAY BACK THE RECORD OF WHAT THE POWERFUL SHORT WAVE SET HAD PICKED UP.



IT BETTER BE GOOD-- OR I'LL RECOMMEND YOU BE RETURNED TO DER FRONT!

BELIEVE ME, HERR TURBITZ! I DON'T FEEL LIKE FIGHTING. I'M DOING MY DUTY. LISTEN!

AS THE RECORD IS PLAYED, TURBITZ HEARS --



WELL, CHEERIO, A.A. MEMBERS FROM RONALD WESTON. BETWEEN THE R.A.F. AND THE PLAIN PEOPLE WHO CAN TAKE IT, MR. HITLER ISN'T SLEEPING AS WELL AS HE USED TO.

AFTER THE RECORD PLAYS TO ITS END --



ARE YOU PLEASED, HERR TURBITZ?

PLEASED? DOT'S THE ANGLE VE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! LET'S SEE HOW STUBBORN CAPT. WESTON VILL BE MIT HIS MILITARY SECRETS VEN HE LEARNS DOT HIS SON IS IN OUR POWER!

TURBITZ AND THREE OF HIS GANG SPEED AWAY TO KIDNAP RONALD.



YAH! AND VEN VE HAF BOTH DER MILITARY SECRETS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA, CHERMANY VILL CRUSH THE WORLD!

HERR TURBITZ -- YOU ARE A MASTERMIND!

MEANWHILE IN THE REVERE HOUSE, PAUL'S MOTHER PREPARES A PICNIC BASKET FOR PAUL'S FRIENDS.

I THINK YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING YOU LIKE IN HERE FOR YOUR PICNIC.

YOU COOK JUST LIKE MY MOTHER, MRS. REVERE. MAKES ME FEEL AS IF SHE WAS HERE, NOT IN LONDON.

WE'D BETTER HURRY. PAT AND BETSY ARE WAITING OUTSIDE



AS RONALD AND PAUL GO OUTSIDE, AN AUTO BACKFIRES.



TAKE COVER! TAKE COVER!

WHAT THE--?

RONALD?



RONALD HAD MISTAKEN THE BACK-FIRING FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN-FIRE.

SILLY OF ME. I THOUGHT THE BLITZ WAS ON AGAIN!

YOU'RE IN AMERICA NOW.

BUT DON'T FORGET RONALD WAS TRYING TO SHIELD US FROM HARM.



PAUL LEADS THE WAY OUTSIDE TOWN.

Y'KNOW, IN ENGLAND, WE GO ON BIKING TOURS TOO. ONLY WE HAVE TO LOOK OUT FOR FRITZ. HE'LL EVEN BOMB A KIDDY CAR.

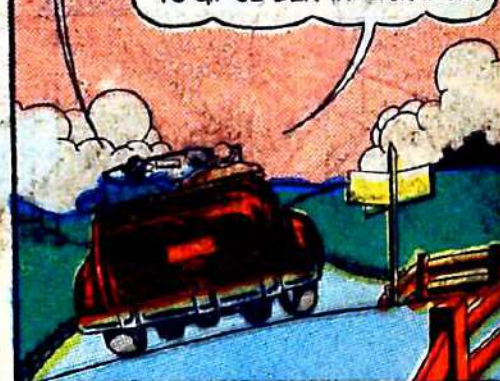
HE WON'T FOR LONG--NOT WITH UNCLE SAM BEHIND YOU.



MEANWHILE, TURBITZ AND HIS NAZI KIDNAPPERS HAVE HALTED OUTSIDE OF PAUL'S TOWN.

THE WESTON BOY IS STAYING WITH A PAUL REVERE. VY ARE VY STOP-INK, TURBITZ?

VE MUSTN'T AROUSE SUSPICION, ASKING FOR DER PLACE. IT WOULD BE BETTER IF VE WAITED UNTIL SOMEONE CAME ALONG HERE, TO GIF US DER INFORMATION.



RIDING ON THE SAME ROAD, THE FOUR BICYCLISTS COME INTO VIEW.



LOOK! LET'S ASK DOSE KIDS.

NOW, REMEMBER! BE VERY CAREFUL LIKE ME NOW! CONTROL YOUR ACCENTS! DON'T SOUND CHERMAN!

HERE DEY--THEY-- COME NOW!



PAUL AND HIS FRIENDS STOP WHEN TURBITZ QUESTIONS THEM.

AND WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO TELL ME WHERE THE REVERE HOUSE IS? YOU SEE I AM LOOKING FOR CAPT. WESTON'S SON THERE AND---

WHY, I'M PAUL REVERE, JR. AND THIS IS RONALD WESTON. WHAT IS IT? HAVE YOU COME FROM FATHER?



THE TWO NAZIS HASTILY TRY TO GET RONALD INTO THE CAR.

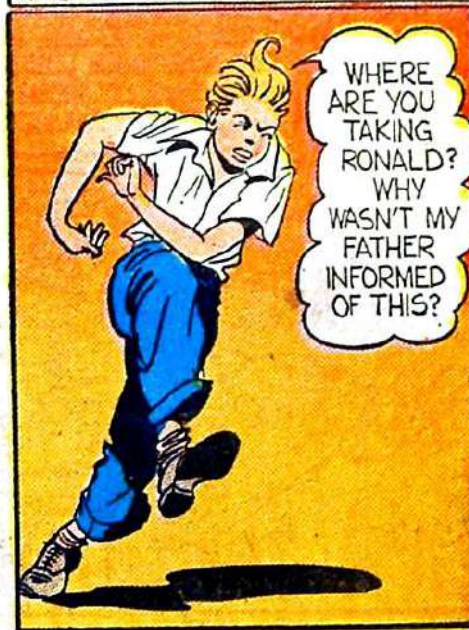
I'M SO GLAD TO HAVE FOUND YOU SO SOON! YOUR FATHER IS WAITING TO SEE YOU, BEFORE HE LEAVES ON A CONFIDENTIAL MISSION!

HURRY! HERR CAPTAIN IS ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU!

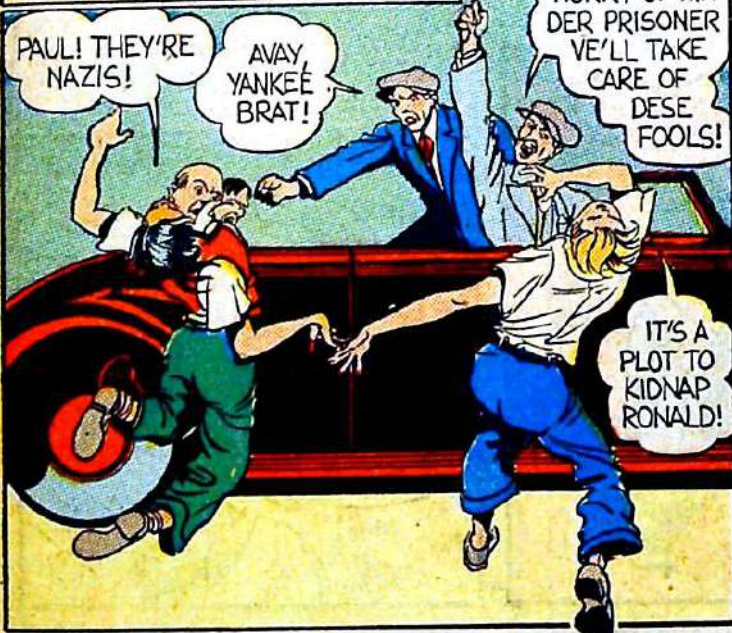
YES, BUT--



DUNTZ SAYING "HERR" CAPTAIN WESTON MAKES PAUL SUSPICIOUS.



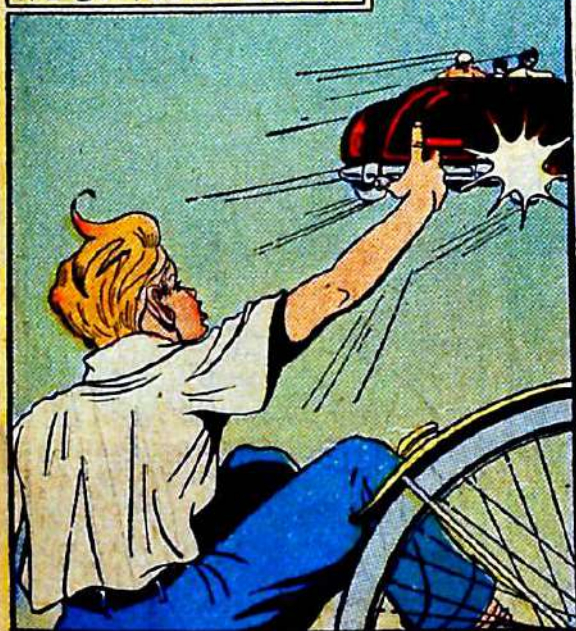
THE NAZIS IN THE FRONT SEAT GET PANICKY AND REVEAL THEIR TRUE IDENTITY.



AS PAUL IS SENT SPRAWLING, HE SNATCHES A MILK BOTTLE FROM THE PICNIC BASKET.



AS THE NAZI CAR DEPARTS PAUL HURLS THE BOTTLE AFTER IT.



RONALD FIGHTS TO SPOIL THE NAZIS' AIM AS THEY FIRE AT HIS FRIENDS.



AS THE KIDNAP CAR SPEEDS AWAY --



SO! YOU SPOILED OUR AIM!

YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOING TO DESERT MY FRIENDS WHILE YOU WERE SHOOTING AT THEM? YOU FORGET I'M NOT A NAZI!

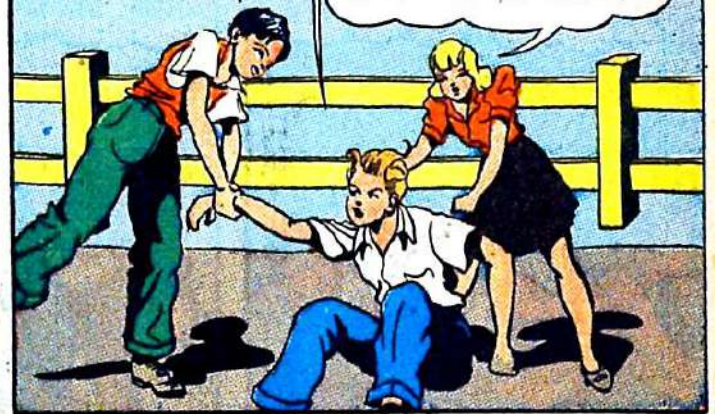
YOU'LL SING A DIFFERENT TUNE LATER MY BRAVE HERO!

PAUL'S FRIENDS HELP HIM TO HIS FEET.

YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE ABLE TO STOP THAT CAR BY THROWING A BOTTLE AT IT.

I JUST COULDN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITHOUT DOING ANYTHING.

WELL, WE'D BETTER CLEAR THE GLASS OFF THE ROAD, BEFORE IT CAUSES AN ACCIDENT.



AS THEY SHOVE THE GLASS OFF THE ROAD, PAUL SUDDENLY EXCLAIMS:



WHAT IS IT?

YOU GAVE ME A START-PAUL!

YOU MEAN THOSE NAZI KIDNAPPERS GAVE US A START! LOOK AT THIS TIRE MARK THEY LEFT BEHIND.

WHEN THE BOTTLE BROKE AGAINST THE TIRE, IT TORE A 'V' SHAPED SLASH IN IT! NOW, I'LL FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL, WHILE YOU TWO HURRY BACK AND TELL MY FATHER WHAT HAPPENED!



WHILE PAT AND BETSY HURRY BACK TO TOWN, PAUL FOLLOWS THE CLEARLY MARKED TRAIL.



BOY!-- I'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM CLEAR TO THEIR HIDEOUT!

WHEN PAUL'S FATHER AND POLICE-MEN ARRIVE, THEY FIND HIM ON THE EDGE OF A CLIFF --



FIND THEM, PAUL?

NO, FATHER. THIS IS AS FAR AS THE TRAIL GOES.

SAY! THAT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

THEY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT THAT THEY WERE LEAVING A TRAIL BEHIND THEM, DAD, AND TRICKED US BY MAKING BELIEVE IT WENT OFF INTO THIN AIR.



THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE! CARS DON'T FLY!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT CAR, WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT! WE'LL ORGANIZE SEARCHING PARTIES IMMEDIATELY AND COMB THE ENTIRE AREA.



RONALD IS OUR FRIEND TOO, DAD. WE WANT TO HELP!



NO, PAUL. FINDING RONALD IS A MAN'S JOB. YOU KIDS GO HOME AND AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS THERE.

JUST AS YOU SAY, DAD--



THE THREE RETURN TO PAUL'S ATTIC.

TOO BAD HE ISN'T NEAR A WIRELESS.

THIS IS TERRIBLE! IF ONLY RONALD WERE ABLE TO GET WORD TO US.

WAIT! YOU'VE GIVEN ME A WONDERFUL IDEA! WHAT IF RONALD WAS NEAR A SET!



PAUL SIGNALS ALL THE AMERICA AWAKE MEMBERS --

EMERGENCY! RONALD HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! MAY BE NEAR WIRELESS! KEEP CONTINUOUS WATCH IN CASE HE TRIES TO GET A MESSAGE THRU!

AS THE A.A.'S BEGIN THEIR VIGIL AT THE HAM SETS, THE PHONE RINGS IN PAUL'S HOUSE.



OH, IT'S YOU, CAPT. WESTON! YES. RONALD'S BEEN KIDNAPPED. BUT WE'LL GET HIM BACK SOMEHOW! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW SO QUICKLY?

THE CAPTAIN ANSWERS FROM WASHINGTON. I JUST GOT AN ANONYMOUS LETTER WARNING ME THAT UNLESS I WAS READY TO REVEAL THE MILITARY SECRETS I KNOW-- I WOULD NEVER SEE RONALD AGAIN!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, CAPTAIN?

EVERY ENGLISHMAN HAS SWORN TO KEEP ON FIGHTING HITLERISM-- NO MATTER WHAT. AND RONALD'S AN ENGLISH BOY. I'M FLYING TO YOU IMMEDIATELY-- BUT I WILL NOT BETRAY MY TRUST. RONALD WOULDN'T WANT THAT!

AS PAUL RETURNS TO THE ATTIC WHERE BETSY AND PAT WERE ALTERNATING AT THE HAM SET--



WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIND RONALD!

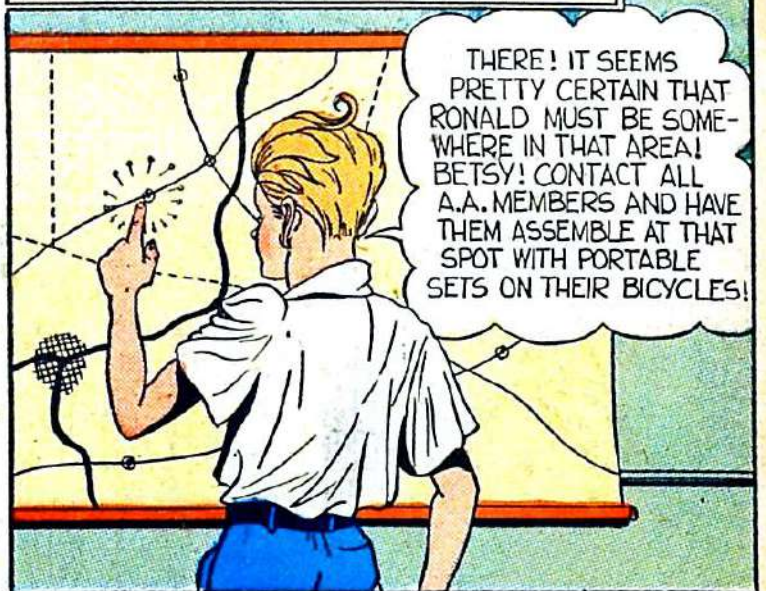
PAUL! PAT! I'VE JUST GOT A CALL ABOUT RONALD!

BETSY RELAYS THE MESSAGE COMING IN FROM AN A.A. MEMBER IN A NEARBY TOWN.



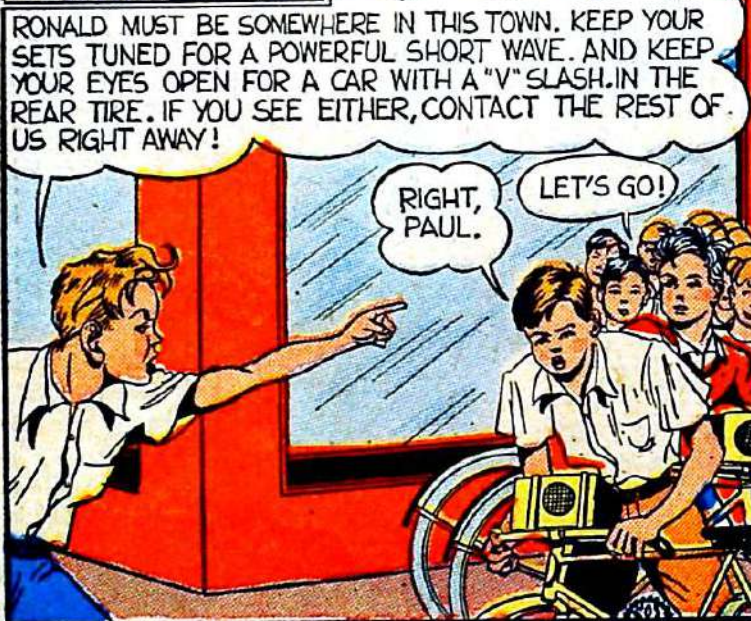
RONALD HEARD FOR JUST A SECOND-- SOUNDED AS IF HE WERE COMING OVER ON POWERFUL SHORT WAVE SET--

AS MORE AND MORE A.A.'S REPORT HEARING RONALD'S VOICE, PAUL SPOTS THE PLACE WHERE THEY THOUGHT THE SIGNAL CAME FROM ON A MAP UNTIL ---



THERE! IT SEEMS PRETTY CERTAIN THAT RONALD MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THAT AREA! BETSY! CONTACT ALL A.A. MEMBERS AND HAVE THEM ASSEMBLE AT THAT SPOT WITH PORTABLE SETS ON THEIR BICYCLES!

WHEN ALL THE MEMBERS MEET AT THE DESIGNATED SPOT IN A NEARBY TOWN --

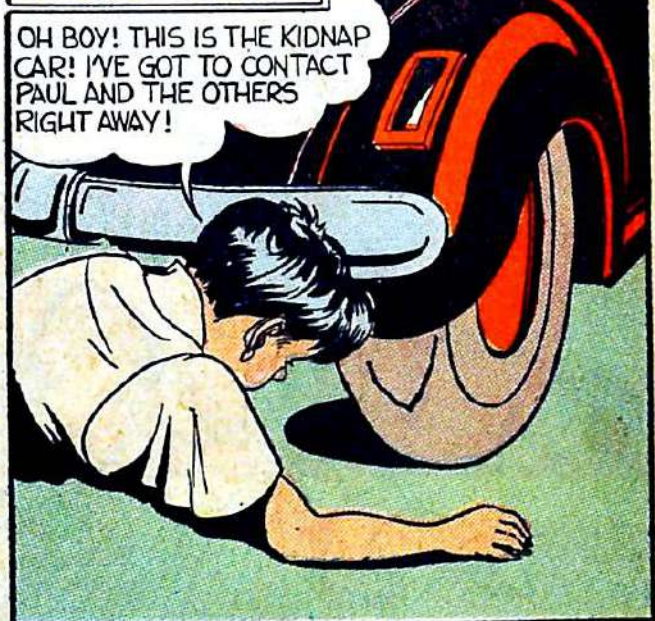


RONALD MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THIS TOWN. KEEP YOUR SETS TUNED FOR A POWERFUL SHORT WAVE. AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR A CAR WITH A "V" SLASH IN THE REAR TIRE. IF YOU SEE EITHER, CONTACT THE REST OF US RIGHT AWAY!

RIGHT, PAUL.

LET'S GO!

AFTER HOURS OF CYCLING AROUND AND AROUND WITH NO SUCCESS --



OH BOY! THIS IS THE KIDNAP CAR! I'VE GOT TO CONTACT PAUL AND THE OTHERS RIGHT AWAY!

AFTER PAUL IS CONTACTED --



THAT'S THE KIDNAP CAR! WE'RE GETTING SHORT WAVE INTERFERENCE!

I'M GETTING IT TOO ON MY SET!

ME TOO!

RONALD MUST BE RIGHT BEHIND US SOMEWHERE!

THE STATIC INTERFERENCE IS TRACED TO A LOFT NEARBY.



THREE NAZI GUARDS AT THE BUILDING'S ENTRANCE SPRING INTO ACTION WHEN THEY SPOT PAUL AND THE A.A.'S.



DOT'S THE BRAT THAT SAW US KIDNAP DER ENGLISH BOY!

QUICK! VE'LL SILENCE DER WHOLE BUNCH OF DEM!

BUT THE NAZI GUARDS ARE OVER-POWERED BY THE A.A.'S TEAM-
WORK:



AFTER THE GUARDS HAD BEEN BOUND, PAUL EXPLAINS HIS IDEA TO RESCUE RONALD.

WE CAN'T GO UP TO THAT LOFT BY THE STAIRS, THEY'LL PROBABLY SEE US COMING, AND HARM RONALD! JIMMY, YOUR FATHER WORKS IN THE DEFENSE PROGRAM. HE TAUGHT YOU HOW TO OPERATE THIS GIRDER LIFTER! YOU'RE GOING TO LIFT PAT AND ME NEXT TO THE LOFT WINDOW. THE REST OF YOU WAIT FOR A SIGNAL TO BREAK IN THROUGH THE DOOR.



WHILE THE A.A.'S WAIT TENSELY BELOW -- PAUL AND PAT RIDE THE STEEL GIRDER TOWARD THE LOFT WINDOW.



AS THE GIRDER STOPS ALONG SIDE THE LOFT WINDOW, THE BOYS SEE --



AT PAUL'S FRANTIC SIGNAL, JIMMY DOWNSTAIRS GETS EXCITED AND SENDS THE GIRDER HURTLING INTO THE LOFT WINDOW KNOCKING EVERYONE DOWN.



DOWNSTAIRS THE A.A.'S GRASP WHAT HAS HAPPENED.



BUT IN THE LOFT, TURBITZ QUICKLY RECOVERED HIMSELF AND --



JUST AS THE NAZI AGENTS SHOOT -- THE A.A.'S BURST THROUGH.



PAUL AND RONALD ESCAPE TO THE ROOF, WITH NAZI GUARDS IN PURSUIT OF THEM--

LOOK! A GLIDER! I'LL BET THAT'S HOW YOU CAME HERE! BY AIR! NO WONDER WE LOST TRACK OF YOU!

PAUL! I HEAR THE GUARDS!



THE ADVENT OF THE GUARDS LEAVES PAUL NO TIME TO USE THE CATAPULT DEVICE.

I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN TAKE OFF THIS WAY, RONALD, BUT WE'VE GOT TO!

DEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

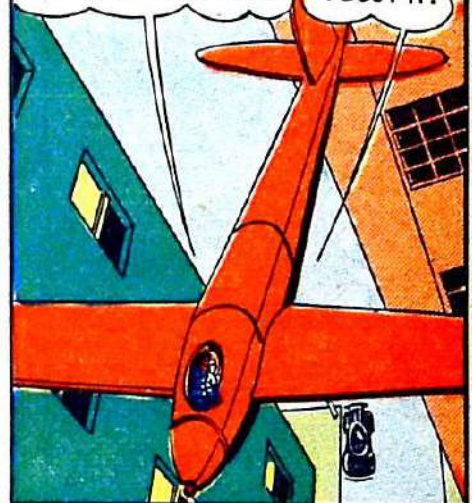
HURRY AND GET ON, PAUL!



THE GLIDER IS CAUGHT IN A SLIGHT DOWNDRAFT.

PAUL! WE'RE GOING DOWN! ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY A GLIDER?

WELL, RONALD, I READ ALL ABOUT IT!



THE GLIDER ALIGHTS ON TOP OF A POLICE CAR.

(SORRY TO DROP IN ON YOU LIKE THIS!

SORRY NO END, BOBBIES!

IT'S A NIGHTMARE WE'RE HAVING!

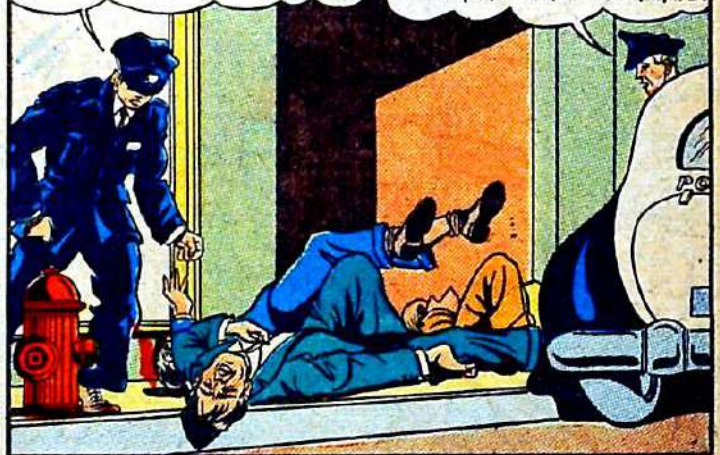
LOOK! WE'RE BEING INVADED!



AFTER PAUL TELLS THE POLICEMEN ABOUT THE NAZIS, THEY RUSH TO THE LOFT BUILDING TO FIND THAT THE A.A.'S HAD ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF TURBITZ AND HIS MEN.

SURE AN' DON'T YOU THINK THOSE KRAUTS LOOK DARLIN'-- ALL TWISTED UP LIKE THAT!

I GUESS THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE UP AGAINST-- TANGLIN' WITH THE A.A.'S!



LATER--IN FRONT OF THE REVERE HOME.

WITH THE FUTURE OF AMERICA IN THE HANDS OF BOYS AND GIRLS LIKE THESE--THE WHOLE WORLD NEEDN'T WORRY!

HURRAY FOR UNCLE SAM AND HIS NEPHEWS AND NIECES! HIP, HIP!

HURRAY!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Banner Comics, published Bimonthly at Chicago, Illinois for October 1, 1941.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }
Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. A. Wyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Banner Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, A. A. Wyn, Editor, A. A. Wyn, Managing Editor, Frederick Gardener, Business Managers, A. A. Wyn. All from 87 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Periodical House, Inc., 87 West 44th St., New York, N. Y., A. A. Wyn, 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y., Rose Wyn, 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y., Warren A. Angel, Rockville Centre, N. Y., C. & A. Publishing Co., Mount Morris, Ill., E. Campbell, Mount Morris, Ill., E. L. Angel, Rockville Centre, New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

A. A. Wyn, Publisher.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1941.
SHIRLEY L. BERICK, Notary Public, Bronx County Clerk No. 220
Certificate Filed in N. Y. County. No. 1085 Commission Expires March 30, 1943.



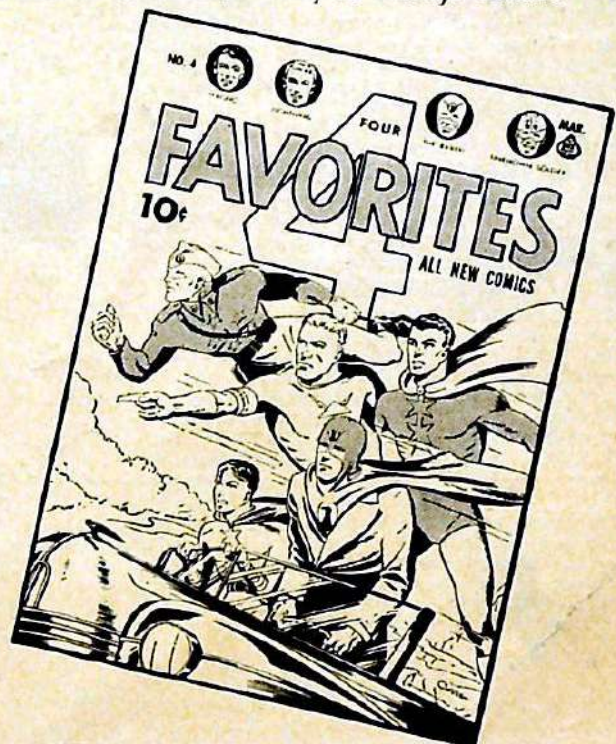
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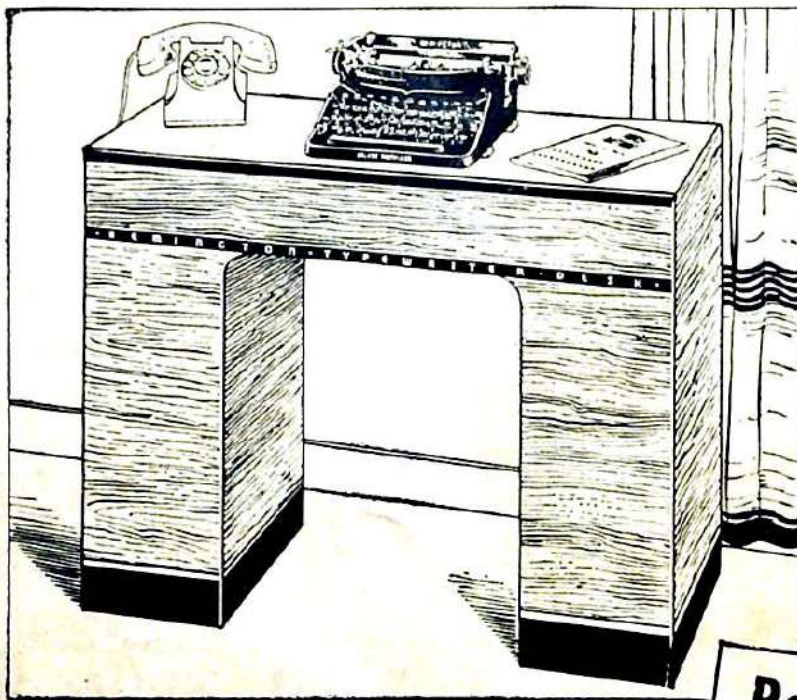


4 FAVORITES

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